

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

A CALL TO PRAYER

Everything that human ingenuity can devise, and human agencies do is being done for the San Francisco offering. Hundreds of responses have been received. But thousands of churches have as yet made no declaration of their intentions. It is a critical moment. A slight crystallization of sentiment into determination in the breasts of a few thousand ministers, and San Francisco Day will be made one of the most glorious in our history. On the contrary, a very slight cooling off of interest on the part of the undecided ones will cost poor stricken San Francisco the offerings of hundreds of churches. In this supreme moment, in all our utter helplessness, we utter this call for prayer.

O men and women of this great brotherhood, we appeal to you asking that in one spirit you lift your voices unto the one God and Father of all, in behalf of our wavering and undecided churches, to the end that all may realize our oneness in Christ Jesus in a sublime act of Christian fellowship on July 7, 1907.

The San Francisco Representatives.

CHICAGO

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Honor your manhood by ready confes-
sion of God in your life.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Closed our meeting at Cedar Rapids,
Iowa, under the leadership of the First
and Second Christian Churches of that
city, with results which were very grati-
fying to all concerned. Brother G. B.
Van Arsdall, pastor of the First Christian
Church, with whom I did all my corre-
spondence, has certainly done a splendid
work in Cedar Rapids, and won for him-
self a large place among the people of
the city.

The city itself is one of the most beau-
tiful cities in the United States, and un-
doubtedly the most beautiful for its size.

The First Christian Church is splen-
didly located, though the building is not
large. We held a meeting the first two
nights in the First Christian Church, and
then the house overflowing, we were in-
vited by the pastors and members of the
Methodist Church to use their building,
which we did for the rest of the week.
Then we went to the city Auditorium,
which will accommodate between 2,000
and 3,000 people, and we had large
audiences continuously during the meet-
ing. Several of the best business men
in the city are in the First Church, and
we found the membership to be broad
minded, and thoroughly consecrated to
the work.

The church on the west side of the
river, where F. E. Smith ministers, is a
younger congregation, but is certainly a
live one. Brother Smith took charge of
this church July, 1906, and up to the
time the meeting began received fifty-
four members, nineteen of whom were
received by primary obedience. The Sun-
day school numbered sixty, and the

church membership was 140 at the be-
ginning of Brother Smith's ministry. On
April 30th, just before the meeting be-
gan, he had 160. There were 557 con-
verts in all in our meeting in Cedar
Rapids, and I don't know the exact num-
ber received in the two churches, but
the results were nearly equally divided.

The First Church is considering a new
building proposition, and it will be abso-
lutely necessary for the Second Church
to enlarge their borders if the great work
they have so well begun is carried on.

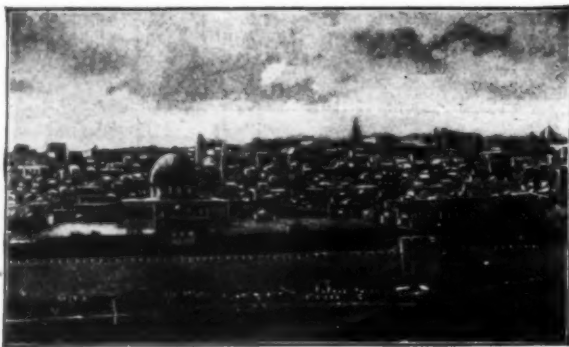
Brother Smith is president of the Min-
isterial Association, and the Church of
Christ is winning a name not to be
ashamed of in Cedar Rapids. Our pas-
tors invited the members of other
churches to work with us, and assured
them if converts desired it they would
be permitted to go to other churches.
Probably 100 may do so, but the meeting
was a great uplift to the city, and when
we consider that only a few years ago
one of the greatest evangelists in the
United States, a man whose name is a
household word, held a union meeting
resulting in only twelve being added to
all the churches, we certainly have rea-
son to rejoice in the victory achieved for
our two Christian churches there. Cedar
Rapids is very conservative, and all said
it was the greatest meeting ever held in
the city. Under the leadership of Brother
Van Arsdall and Brother Smith we ex-
pect to hear splendid things in the future
from these two congregations. My usual
helpers, Thomas Penn Ullom, Mr. and
Mrs. DeLoss Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Betts,
Jesse Van Camp, and Mrs. Scoville as-
sisted in the meeting.

Chas. Reign Scoville.

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No. 25.

EDITORIAL

The Union of all Christians upon the Apostolic Faith, Spirit and Service.

ETHICS OF HEARING.

Somebody should write an article or preach a sermon on the virtue of concentration and the criminality of inattention when the word of God is being read or spoken. Many of us would be convicted of crime under such a process of law. To all appearances, scattation becomes easier and concentration more difficult all the time. The pedagogic law that attention is one of the essentials of retention is all but forgotten. We have so much to think about that we have ceased to think at all. The more we read the less we remember, the more we hear the less we retain, absolutely our knowledge is in inverse ratio to our opportunities of acquiring it. The conditions of modern life make it increasingly hard to focus attention upon the word of God, or any other serious subject. The rush of modern civilization carries us off our feet and whirls us about till in the classic language of an American congressman, we scarcely know "where we are at." Jesus must be saying to us with greater intensity of emphasis than he said to his own contemporaries who had lost the attentive ear and the susceptible heart, "If any man hath ears to hear let him hear."

We can learn without listening, we can stay at home on Sunday and read the big desecrating Journal and the latest "penny dreadful," and thus learn what we really want to know, and seek the kind of entertainment we really enjoy, and hence the temptation not to seek opportunity to hear the word of God. A part of the significance of our Lord's oft-repeated exhortation to the people of his time to listen attentively to the word of God, lay in the fact that they must listen or not learn at all. The only method of acquiring knowledge was by means of hearing. Oral communication was the only popular means of conveying information. There were no books, magazines, or newspapers, but few written documents, and only the rich could afford the luxury of a book. Few persons could read and fewer still had the means of making literary purchases. Only by hearing could people obtain knowledge except the little they acquired by visual observation and personal experience. This was the chief reason of the prodigious memories of those eastern peoples, their only science of memories or aids to memory was the memory itself. Many a Hebrew who did not know the alphabet of his native tongue could repeat verbatim the five books of Moses. Great bodies of law and tradition that would have taken several volumes to contain were orally transmitted for centuries from the memories of those whose business it was to study and preserve them, and not a syllable or punctuation point was lost. We have many ways of learning, they had but one way, and that was by hearing. Their memories were good, ours are shocking bad. And yet Christ charges them with having dull ears and

gross hearts because through sin and indifference they had lost all desire to hear the word of God and be saved by it.

The chief hindrance in our time to the reflective and appropriative process which the word of God was intended to excite is intellectual indolence, mental laziness, unwillingness to take the trouble to think. It has long been the opinion of the writer that to where there is one person physically lazy, bodily sluggish and somnolent, there are nine who are afflicted with laziness of the mind. The intellectual sluggishness of the majority of people is such that they are absolutely averse to the slightest mental exertion. If a book or a sermon or a chapter in the Bible requires the least effort to understand its meaning or to appreciate its message, they decline to read or hear. They must have something superficial, light, racy, exciting like the popular drama, realistic novels, or the yellow journal that they can read or listen to without thinking. A French priest once said that light novels, light wines, light labor, and light principles of morality were the stock in trade of French civilization. Whatever may be said of the others, light literature, thin and easily digested books, are a part of the stock in trade of American civilization, or the lack of it; for the typical contemporary American citizen will not read a book or listen to a lecture that makes him think, or compels him to use his understanding. Christ knew that he must awaken men to consciousness, must arouse them to thought, must bring them to reflection, before either growth in manhood, or the salvation of the soul was possible.

We heard a minister say, a few years ago, that "Selah" meant "stop and think." Nobody knows what Selah means. It is supposed to have been a musical term used by the temple choir in their choral services, its signification is unknown, and the minister's statement is a mere guess, and probably wild enough; but if Selah did mean stop and think, it ought to be at the end of every verse of Scripture instead of at the end of a few passages in the Psalms. Stop and think! is implied if not expressed in every passage of the Word of God.

The attitude of mind towards the divine message must be reverential. If we are to hear to edification and the salvation of our souls. An over-grown individuality, an excess of democracy that characterizes much of our American life, which leads men to follow their own inclinations and passions in defiance of law both human and divine, is fatal to a respectful and reverent hearing of the word of God. Let us pause long enough in the rush and roar of modern civilization, in the popular vocation of self-seeking, pleasure-wanting and dollar-chasing to listen reverently to God when He speaks to us. Let us acquire the good habit, under difficulties, of listening to the word of God, as from God the in-

grafted word which is able to save our souls as though God himself were speaking in person to us. "Every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them shall be likened to a wise man who built his house on a rock." But no man will do the words of Christ unless he listens to them with emotions of deepest and noblest reverence.

We are called upon to go through with a discriminative process of selection in every book we read, every paper and magazine we subscribe for, as well as in every conversation we engage in, and every discourse to which we listen. Every Christian has a private Index Ex-purgatorius to which he consigns unworthy books, and all literature detrimental to pure thought and good morals. He preserves his mind and heart from contamination by refusing to associate with people who are profane, obscene, blasphemous, or infidel in their talk. He knows that evil communications corrupt good morals, and accordingly with wise discrimination he makes a careful selection of good men and good books for his daily companions. He discriminates against literary trash and slush, against error and falsehood and infidelity and all doubtful conclusions, and in favor of what is true, beneficial, and wholesome. As far as in him lies he lives up to the injunction of his Master. "Take heed, therefore, how and what ye hear."

J. J. H.

IS GOD TESTING US?

There is a growing conviction among an increasing number of thinking Disciples that to us in a peculiar way there is a dividing of the waters and an open way into the great cities. Great religious movements stand or fall eventually in proportion to their taking great centers of population, for here the mills of the gods grind exceeding fine and men wrestle most with the great wherefores of human life.

The fitness of the Disciples to meet city problems and needs is made by the youthful vigor of our life, our earnest and resistless evangelism, our freedom of thought and action, together with effective co-operation; by those elements of moral stability which make the country ever the salvation of the city, together with increasing freedom from hindering provincialism. It is ours to win the cities. A great city, however, may not be gained by one church or the few, but only by that co-operation which is represented in missionary organization. Logically to our home missionary society falls the herculean labor of city evangelization. More than ever funds are being gathered, forces are mobilized, and our banners advanced in the centers of culture. We are winning the cities.

In such great enterprises there are demands of the present moment and needs for remoter days. The present demand and the immediate task in city

evangelization is San Francisco reconstruction. This enterprise is immediate because of the condition of our church houses in San Francisco. They are in ruins or inadequate. The need is pressing because of the situation of our church members there. They are homeless. The situation is critical because a new city is building in whose foundation walls must be wrought the things of God. The immediate enterprise is the offering for San Francisco, July 7th. This is the first move now for the Disciples in city evangelization. It is the next logical step of the brotherhood under the leading of God. This is the place of our next advance. Is God testing us in our work for the cities? Is San Francisco our Kadesh Barnea? Let us make it not Kadesh Barnea whence we turn again to the wilderness of less effective work, but rather our crossing of the Jordan to the taking of

Jericho. By the way of the San Francisco offering July 7th lies our road to success in the great cities.

R. L. H.

COMMENT IN BRIEF.

We rejoice with our National Benevolent Association in the great gift noted elsewhere for the St. Louis Orphans' Home. The work of the organization has made steady growth by the generosity of many Disciples, rich and poor. So generous a gift for better equipment means that more will be accomplished by future gifts of others whether large or small. This great effort in behalf of the orphans gives promise of the day when our brotherhood will be doing a really worthy work in its benevolent activities.

The state of Pennsylvania is to spend \$1,000,000 during the next two years in the care and cure of consumptives

without means to care for themselves. The state board of health will open a dispensary in each county and establish two sanatoriums where patients can live mostly in the open air.

Nearly five and a half million volumes in four hundred and nine different languages is the last year's record of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Like the American society, the falling off of interest and consequent lack of funds compelled reductions of work.

The Cumberland Presbyterians who have refused to follow the movement of that denomination for union with the Presbyterian Church North are said to number 80,000 communicants with 600 ministers in thirteen synods and seventy-seven presbyteries. Representatives of this body last month held a general assembly at Dickson, Tenn., which was enlivened by passionate denunciations of the "North Church."

Correspondence on the Religious Life

George A. Campbell

"Do you think Kipling in his recent poem 'The Sons of Martha' is true to Martha?"

Many preachers have taken the poet to task because they have thought not. They perhaps have taken Kipling literally when he is writing in irony. One minister I know, not a Disciple, made a fierce attack from his pulpit on the poem before it had been out a week. He knew very little of Kipling's former writings or of his dominating message. Kipling is a great poet, and "The Sons of Martha" is a great and timely poem. Instead of asking if it truly represents Martha we had better ask, does it truly sing the conditions of earth's toilers. Kipling is the poet of the world's workers. He believes in the men who do things. He exalts the will. He lives and has his being with the soldier, the miner, the railroad man, and all others who are working the transformation of the world by rough and difficult work. We will do well to study carefully his latest poem. It is not mere sentiment. It is rugged and strong. It breathes the cry that we are getting in many books to-day, that we are hearing from mighty labor organizations and that we are receiving from some pulpits—the cry of the toilsome masses. In it some sensitive Christian ears think they detect the sympathetic, but sad, voice of the Master Kipling. "Sons of Martha" is a terrible arraignment of society and the church.

The church exists for the lowly. It is for support, inspiration, cheer, comfort and salvation. Yet in one brief sentence the poet brings us with sad hearts to face the fact that they live their lives apart from the church. He says: "To these from birth is belief forbidden." Is it not so? What forbids, you ask? Present conditions. The problem Kipling brings the church to is a living one. Let us not be afraid of it, forget it, nor neglect it. By simply working at them the church has solved many big problems.

Another lesson that we should take to heart from this poem is that if the toilers without the inspiration of an active religion can give their lives to "simple service, simply given" how greatly we ought to be concerned to "spend and be spent" for the uplift of men. Let us eschew all views of Providence that lead to a careless ease. Read these two great stanzas and ponder them well.

"They do not preach that their God will arouse them a little before the nuts work loose;

They do not teach that His pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.

As in the thronged and the lightened ways, so in the dark and desert they stand, Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land."

"Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat.— Lo! it is black already with blood some Sons of Martha spilled for that. Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed, But simple service, simply given to his own kind, in their common need."

"I wish to live at peace with all men; and so far as I know have no downright enemies. But there are several people with whom I have strained relations. I have the feeling that they are suspicious of me. They misunderstand me. With this feeling while in their presence I am restrained and feel mean. They call out the worst that is in me. How can right relations be restored?"

Here is expressed a much more common experience than that of open enmity. The relationship of enmity has the advantage of being outspoken and above board. That which smoulders is not healthy. The bursting flame is better.

We should be sure that we ourselves are not to blame for the strained relations. It is hard for us to judge fairly between ourself and another. It is difficult, even when you try, to "put yourself in his place." We usually don't try. We ought to be sure that we have a kindly regard for our suspicious friend. Most strained relations will yield to kindness. Often a good understanding is restored without any conversation. Acts have a language of their own.

A preacher friend of mine whenever he feels anyone is offish towards him goes immediately to that person and talks it over. Another preacher friend of mine even when entreated to go to a grieved party and try to have an understanding as to their differences usually replies: "What's the use?" He seems to be of the opinion that to "talk it over" would likely aggravate the sore and keep it from healing. So far as I can observe one succeeds about as well as the other. Do not the Scriptures favor the first method? No. The Scriptures leave the individual free to act upon his best judgment. They do not tell us of the disposition of our suspicious friend. No two people are alike.

Christ never seemed to have talked the denial over with Peter.

Just do the best you can. Do not nurse hatred. It is poison. Wish your enemies well. Pray for them. Never imagine their humiliation. Study well and act up to your best judgment.

The book I commend this week is "Worry, The Disease of the Age," written by C. W. Saleeby, M. D., and published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. The viewpoint of the book is that of a scientific mind who accords religion the place it deserves. He is not hesitant in granting cures to the Christian Scientist and the Faith Healer; but his explanations of these are well worth reading. The book ought to have a clarifying and calming effect on its readers.

Let our sentence to-day be from Darwin: "I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper."

Austin Sta., Chicago.

A PETITION.

These are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene:

Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load.

And for the hours of rest that come between,

An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

—Henry Van Dyke.

When the shadows fall about us at last, and the night comes creeping in the valley, may the blessed melody of God's love still sing in our hearts, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." And my God answers, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."—Melody of the Twenty-third Psalm.

Valley and Sea

H. L. Willett

When the morning dawned after our night of mishap and discomfort at Wadi Gharandel, it was easy to see why travelers have fixed upon it as the site of the biblical Elim, where the Hebrews first found water after their three days in the wilderness. Here and there in the floor of the wide valley little pools of water, nourished by springs in the yielding soil, became the fountain heads of small streams which joined their currents to make a brook that wandered down the channel only to lose itself in the sand a short distance below. But around the springs and along the course of the stream thick vegetation had sprung up. The water was not cold, as spring water ought to be, but slightly brackish in taste. Yet it was fresh enough to satisfy thirst, and to call out coarse grass and bushy palms. Of the latter I counted eighteen along the bank of the brook.

Here the camels were watered, and two of our water casks, now empty, were filled for cooking and washing, while the Nile water in the other two casks was treasured for drinking. We started from the camp at the usual hour of seven thirty, walking for the first part of the journey along the stream, which was so soon to come to its end, and then upward into a rougher region, where the path wound in and out among the rocks. These rocks seemed to have been broken into squares and lozenges by some convulsion of nature, and our ascent was sometimes almost like a stairway, while at other times it was so steep and narrow that we wondered how the camels below us would be able to pass. Some of these square blocks of rock, huger than the rest, attained the size of bulid structures, and looked at a distance not unlike small castles or forts. Their colors were light gray and brown, and in the bright light of the morning the eye found it difficult to endure the glare.

For nearly an hour we walked on, and had only just mounted the camels when we reached a place called Hosan Abu Zennah ("the horse of Abu Zennah"), a pile of stones by the side of the path, in passing which all the Beduin manifested signs of contempt, casting stones on the pile, kicking up the dust against it, firing their guns and crying "Hsh!" Curious to know the cause of such signs of anger and contempt we asked Joseph to explain the tradition connected with the place. The explanation in the guide-book seemed very unsatisfactory. It is to the effect that a certain Arab named Abu Zennah cruelly rode his mare to death, and marked the length of her dying leap with this pile of stones. But the heap, according to Arab custom, would be more likely to mark a grave than the leap of a horse. Joseph asked the old men of the camel train, and they gave another version of the tale, to the effect that the horse of Abu Zennah had fallen him in his attempt to escape from enemies, and that in anger he slew the beast at this spot, just before his capture. This is a far more picturesque version, and accounts more satisfactorily for the contempt with which the Beduin pass the grave of the horse. It gains color also from the extraordinary affection lavished upon these animals by the Arabs, and the natural resentment

against one that should fail her master in time of need.

Further on the flat surfaces of the rocks beside the path were marked with squares and circles, evidently for use in playing games of chance. We were now upon high ground and the view was impressive. Straight ahead were the three peaks of Sarbut el Jemel ("Camel mountain"), twenty miles away. Thrice as far we caught our first view of Mt. Serbal, a group of lofty heights whose temper we were to try another day. On our left, to the northeast, was the high plateau of the Tih, while close at hand on the right was the Jebel Hammam Farun, that elevated "bath of Pharaoh" which we had seen ahead on the previous day. From this point we descended into the Wadi Useit, where there were two or three springs and some scant vegetation. Except at such points the landscape was quite bare of any sign of tree or shrub save a few beiteran plants, whose tough and prickly leaves the camels eagerly seized upon as they passed. In fact no substance seems too hard or thorny for the camels to enjoy. I have watched them devouring with avidity the twigs of the desert thorne trees, whose spikes are so stiff and forbidding as to make it difficult to break off a whip or cane without injuring one's hands, and yet the camels browse contentedly on these branches, grinding their substance between the teeth of the lower jaw and the boney roof of the mouth. If one imagines that the camels capacity for long abstinence from water, is a proof that he was made for the desert, still more is his appetite for the only vegetation which it affords where horses and even mules would perish in a week from hunger and thirst, he lives on contented and well nourished. Wadi Useit is marked by the remains of higher sand levels which stand as low hills, between which the path winds in and out. At one point the side of the valley rose in a series of cliffs which presented beautiful lines caused by sloping strata in the marl, broken into irregular waves by faults in the beds of brown and white.

Three hours from Gharandel, where our camp had been, we reached the Wadi Kuweiseh, another of the shallow, dry pathways by which the waters of the rainy season make their way to the sea. In other lands they would not be given the name of valleys at all. In fact Wadi, as I have said, only means a water course, but not necessarily a stream. Not once in all our journey did one of these Wadis have water in it, unless there were springs. But in the wet season they must be raging torrents in many cases, and this all the signs of the havoc wrought by flood plainly proved.

This fact is interesting to the geologist as showing that where as the southern portion of the peninsula rises in granite peaks which are among the oldest known, the northwestern border of the great triangle of Sinai, lying between the Gulf of Suez and the Tih Plateau, is probably one of the latest portions of the earth to emerge from the sea, its wide, shallow valleys not having had

time to be more deeply cut by the streams.

Once that morning we met a company of Beduin going toward Suez. They belonged to the same tribe with some of our own men, and their greetings were interesting. Some of them were riding camels, and at our approach they dismounted and shook hands with their tribesmen, at the same time touching foreheads, first on one side then on the other, with a solemn and stately grace which revealed the courtesy of many generations. Very little was said beyond the usual greeting; "Essalam aleikum," ("peace be with you"). In fact it was always surprising to us to observe how quiet were these meetings. If the party belonged to another tribe, the salutation was simpler, usually consisting merely of a light touch of right hands, and then the pressure of the hand upon the breast. In a few instances, apparently of close relationship, the greeting was warm and prolonged, consisting of repeated kisses upon the cheeks, first the left then the right. This is the usual salutation among the male members of a Bedui family. Of us, the passing travelers appeared to take but the scantest notice, yet now and then they returned our salutations with stately inclinations of the head and the familiar phrase, so often heard in Palestine "Naharak Said" ("Good day"). I have observed that they did not seem to have much to say to each other when they met thus upon the road. Yet it was astonishing what information was gained by our men in a conversation of two or three minutes. For days afterwards Joseph would drop remarks about recent happening at Tor or Firan or the Convent or Akaba, and when I asked him how he knew, he would say "The men we passed at Wadi Useit told us."

In fact, although travel is infrequent, and one may journey for days without meeting anyone, yet intelligence travel very rapidly among the Beduin. We were made aware throughout our journey, of the movements of travelers in all other parts of the peninsula. We found on our arrival at the convent that our departure from Suez and our progress on the way was known perfectly to the authorities there from the reports brought in by the natives. And on our way back we learned of the contemplated journey of a German party, for which camels were being assembled at Suez, the direction they would take, the number of men and camels and the proposed length of their stay, and this information, not solicited was official, but the mere rumor of the desert, we had opportunity to verify on our return to Agun Musa, finding it correct in almost every particular. Everything done in the entire region is soon known by all its people. It would be easier by far to hide in Cairo or Chicago than in the desert of Sinai.

As we went on it was apparent that we were approaching a more mountainous region. The Wadi et-Tal, though wide and shallow, was more definitely marked at its edges, and we could see that further to the southwest it deepened into a gorge running toward the sea. By the time we reached the Wadi Shebelkeb we were following a valley, whose walls rose up on either side, and

were marked here and there by magnificent stratification of rock. It was clear that water had done masterful work here in scooping out these deep defiles.

At a spot where a spring yielded just enough moisture to nourish a dwarf palm, but not enough to make even the beginning of a stream, we saw Joseph turn his camel aside from the path and make her kneel. That was always a good sign along about midday, when several of the party had secretly consulted their watches to see if it was not approaching noon. The lunch tent was pitched, as much as possible in the shade of the palm, and with the camels lying about on the sand, and their drivers, who rarely ate till evening, mending their saddles or sleeping with their faces upturned to the sun, we enjoyed our meal and an hour of rest afterwards. Just as we had finished eating, the long camp train went by. It had started an hour after we did, and would go on without stopping for three hours more. When they had been out of sight for an hour, we mounted and rode on, the sky cloudless and the thermometer at 90 degrees.

Not long afterward the mouth of the Wadi el-Homr was passed, a wide valley which cuts into the Wadi Shebelkeh at right angles. On our return from the convent of Sinai we came down this side valley, and struck our old trail at this point. Beyond the mouth of the Wadi el-Homr the valley we were traversing is called Wadi Tayyibeh, and here we came upon more springs and consequent vegetation. The water, however, is far from palatable, and it seems difficult to

understand why anyone should hold this to be the Elim of Exodus and Numbers, as some have done. The stream formed by the water of the springs soon loses itself in the sandy floor of the valley. I had almost said canyon, for the walls of the Wadi Tayyibeh rise up on either side in cliffs which grow higher as the valley sinks toward the sea, till they stand at a height of five or six hundred feet, broken away to almost perpendicular surfaces of red, yellow and black rock, whose strata dip downward at sharp angles to the bottom of the Wadi. In the afternoon light the colors of these rocks were almost magical in their beauty, and a feeling grew within us, which was deepened daily in our journey, that Sinai is the place for the geologist, the mineralogist and the artist. Such rock forms, layers, strata and colors one would need to go far to find equalled.

About four the valley widened, and shortly after we came out upon a level plain with the sea just ahead of us. The enchantment of that view combining the uplifted mountains behind their summits bathed in sunlight that threw over them a mantle of brilliant colors, with the blue and shining sea, beyond which the shores of Egypt could be faintly seen, would require a poet's words to describe and a painter's brush to verify. Leaving the camels to go at once to the camp, a half hour further on, we walked down to the shore and followed it, gathering quantities of the curious and exquisite shells that are the gift of the tide. Out of the hot and trying air and sand of the desert we had come into paradise. At the point of the shore,

near which the camp was set, there is the grave of a Sheikh, Abu Zenimeh, covered by a shrine where pious Arabs come every season to hold a feast. The place is called in his honor Ras Abu Zenimeh ("the point or headland of Abu Zenimeh"). The plain which reaches back from the sea to the foot of the mountains is covered by shrubs and flowers. From the shore the mountains climb up to form a vast amphitheater, where giants might sit to watch armies and navies struggling in the arena below. It was difficult to leave such a scene, even for rest and food.

But some of us wanted a dip in the sea. The hot journey had made the water look intensely refreshing. We walked around the headland to a place that promised the smoothest shore in the vicinity, and with Joseph's caution to beware of sharks duly impressed upon our minds, enjoyed a plunge in the waters of the Red sea. The light had gone, and it was difficult to pick our way across the plain when we started for camp. Half way in we met one of the men whom Joseph had sent with a light, for fear we might miss the way. And so we came to our tents as the stars came out at Ras Abu Zenimeh, where in earliest centuries the turquoise hunters of Wadi Maghara and the iron and copper miners of Sarbut et Kadem had brought the spoil of the hills down for shipment home, and where, perhaps, the hosts of Israel (Num. 33:10) weary with the desert came out with shouts like those of Xenophon's Greek troops, upon the shining levels of the sea.

World's Sunday School Convention

It was the expectation of the International Committee that a large company of people would be attracted to Rome by the announcement that the Fifth World's Convention would be held in that city May 18-23. Mr. Clark, who was the excursion manager for the Convention of three years ago in Jerusalem, conducted matters again this year, and parties of American tourists came on both the Romanic and the Necker. The total number was about four hundred. In addition small parties came from England and Germany, and several missionaries from the Orient were present. In justification of the selection of Rome as the meeting place it was asserted that the importance of the city in history and in the life of modern Italy made it seem appropriate. The disadvantages were obvious, including the impossibility that more than a handful of actual Sunday school workers should be present on account of the expense of the journey, the subordination of most of the interests of the convention to the wish of the tourists to see as much of Rome as might be visited in the brief time spent, and the unsatisfactory character of the program, unavoidable at such a distance from any recognized center of Sunday school work.

It was a pleasure to meet the missionaries who were present, a few of whom, like Dr. Munch of Luxor, and Bishop Hartzell, formerly of Africa, are men of achievement. It was also no doubt interesting and encouraging for the little group of protestants in Rome who knew of the convention to have the privilege of seeing Christian workers from other lands. Nor must it be forgotten that

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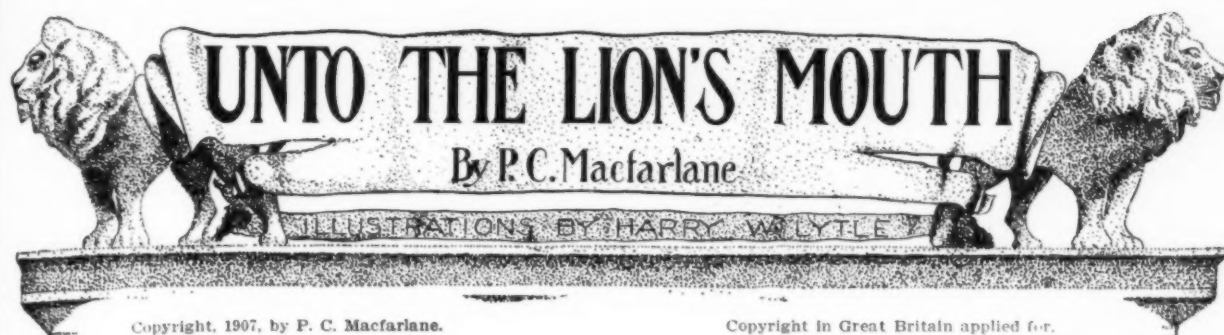
the courtesies of the trip from America accorded the members of the International committee made the occasion a pleasant one for them. But it is still questionable whether the location of conventions of this kind in cities like Jerusalem and Rome does not very seriously limit their utility, and give them the appearance of convenient adjuncts to the tourist business of some enterprising travel manager.

The convention met in the audience room of the Methodist church on the Via Firenze. The room seats about five hundred, and at the evening sessions was filled. The gallery is placed very high, apparently to avoid interference with the view of the handsome windows. Around the walls were the flags of the nations represented and mottoes of welcome. The first meeting was held on Saturday evening. Mr. E. K. Warren introduced Rev. Enrico Piggott, President of the Italian committee, who acted as chairman. Several addresses of greeting were delivered, including an admirable welcome by the American ambassador, Hon. Lloyd Griscom. The most interesting event of the evening, however, was a brief address by the granddaughter of the Patriot Garibaldi, who spoke in excellent English. When the chairman announced that her father was also present there were insistent calls for him until he arose in his seat and acknowledged for himself and his daughter the cheers of the audience, saying he knew it was not they but the great man whose name they were happy to

bear whom those present wished to honor. When his brief, happily worded and admirable speech was ended, the whole audience rose and gave hearty cheers for Garibaldi. The references to the patriot were frequent in the speeches that followed. Dr. Campbell Morgan who spoke for Great Britain said he fought under Garibaldi at the age of eight in his father's back yard. The meeting closed with the national anthem of America.

Sunday morning at eight o'clock several of us went to the Waldensian church, where we imagined we might have difficulty in obtaining sittings to hear the sermon by Dr. F. B. Meyer of London. To our great surprise the audience was quite small. But the message was worthy of the largest company that could have been assembled. The speaker dealt with the work of the Holy Spirit (it was Whitsunday, or Pentecost), and proved that a man can employ the most primitive theology and yet sound the depths of the religious life. Such a man is himself a revelation of the reality of the Spirit of God in a consecrated life. Many waited to express their gratitude after the sermon. At the hour of the usual morning worship the different protestant churches held communion service after the sermon, and the delegates went where they chose. In the afternoon at four Dr. Campbell Morgan preached the convention sermon, using the text, "Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me." In the evening there was a song service led by Rev. Carey Bonner of London. It was an-

(Continued on page 597.)



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[In the preceding chapters Appollonius, evangelist of the church in Ephesus, while preaching in the market place, was killed by agents of Epirus, head of the silversmiths. Marcus, a soldier friend, bore home his body to his family, consisting of Constantia, the wife; Euthumos, a son of ten years; and Hypatia, the aged mother.]

[Following the burial of Appollonius, his stricken family was received into the home of Felix, a deacon, there to be cared for by the church. Agents of Epirus seized the boy, Euthumos, during a service of the church when Decius and Marcus among others were baptized, and bore him away to be held for ransom by the church.]

[Euthumos was carried away and secreted in the cave of Beryllus on the side of Mount Messogis. Word was sent to Onesimus, bishop of the church in Ephesus, that the boy would be held seven days for the payment of a ransom of twelve thousand denarii. With the greatest sacrifice on the part of its members this amount was raised and sent by Marcus and Decius. Meanwhile Euthumos had listened in the cave to the story of Beryllus's slave days and robber life, and had told to the robber the story of the cross.]

[The hours slipped away as Euthumos and Beryllus talked of the wonderful life of Jesus and the truths of Christian faith, until the heart of the outlaw was touched and belief ripened into the purpose to become a Christian. When Epirus, coming to the cave, learned that Beryllus would join the Christians he made an attempt to once more secure the boy. In the struggle which followed Epirus was bound hand and foot. The next day Beryllus set out for the house of Onesimus, taking the boy, the ransom money and the captive Epirus. Generous Constantia, having her boy restored, decided, when it is left to her, by Onesimus, that Epirus, abductor of her child, should be set at liberty.]

[With the ransom money restored by Beryllus the freedom of Demas and other Christian slaves was purchased, and funds given for the Christian prisoners in the quarries. Beryllus was led from the company of Christians and carried, bound with chains, before Fundanus for trial. Epirus, his accuser, was unable to furnish evidence against Beryllus, but the former robber confessed his crimes and received the sentence of hard labor in the quarries of Bithynia.]

[In the quarries Beryllus, with other Christians, gave himself to service for suffering ones in the miserable huts which sheltered the slaves. Demas, given permission to spend his time caring for the quarry slaves, ministers to Beryllus as his first patient, for he had been flogged because he had gained the displeasure of an overseer in attempt to assist a fellow slave. Later Demas is called into the depths of the quarry to care for men upon whom a block of marble had fallen when the ropes were cut by Epirus. Of those who were injured was Epirus himself, killed by his own attempt to murder others.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUEST FOR THE LOCKET.

We left Euthumos and his mother standing in blank bewilderment outside the palace of Fundanus, pro-consul of Asia. How strange was the interview they had just had and how strange, too, that the beautiful young woman who had surprised Euthumos and attracted him so much the day before, should be the wearer of the identical locket which the mad Lucretia, wife of Fundanus, had described as having been attached to her infant daughter when she was exposed. The kindling flame of love in the breast of the young man was fanned by reflection on the strange coincidence and curiosity to know who the girl might be and where she lived. He was sure her station in life was by no means mean; he was sure also she had been much interested; that she drank down his story as one of intense interest, and that she accepted it. He consequently felt that she would return, or make herself known to some of the brethren; hence his first step, naturally, would have been to make the matter known to some of them, and institute inquiries for her. But a feeling of delicacy which now came over him seemed to forbid that. However, he resolved his mother might do this if she would, and he would go on with the discharge of his duties as an evangelist. But one thing worried him. The time was set for a tour of the northern cities which he was to make, and he should soon be away from Ephesus, for a period extending into months. In three days he would start. Would she come before that? Eagerly he scanned the people in the school of Sefricius on the morrow. Plainly enough she was not there. His mother moved in and out among the people too, as was her frequent custom, answering a question here, picking up a word there, seeking for any sick or troubled to whom she might whisper a word of cheer.

"Not there," he said with a tone of disappointment.

"No," said his mother.

"But," he asked, "did you see a female slave, tall, and with greyish hair, and eyes like an eagle that stood far off and, lifting herself head and shoulders above the throng, listened standing like a statue?"

"I did not notice," said the mother.

"If I mistake not," said the son, "I saw that slave in the company of the girl with the locket yesterday."

"Strange," said the mother. "Some fear has overtaken them. May be the girl is ill, and the slave, being interested, received permission to come alone."

"Mayhap. But she did not so impress me. She listened as one who but heard for another. I make no doubt but that even now that tall slave is rehearsing my every word to the lady of the locket."

"I will watch for her on the morrow, and speak to her."

On the morrow, sure enough, there stood the tall slave whom we knew to have been Hellé, silent, intently watching and listening as before. There was something in the nature of debate on this day. The speeches of Euthumos were frequently interrupted, and his clever retorts and occasional thrusts at the philosophers who opposed brought laughter to many faces. At once Constantia, hovering near, saw the grim mouth of Hellé break into a smile and something like a flush of pride diffuse her features when the retort came quick as a flash from the lips of Euthumos and quite vanquished his adversary for the time being.

The next day was to be Euthumos's last in Ephesus, for some time. Would she come? he found himself wondering. Constantia had sought to trace the slave to her lodging, but had lost her in the crowd. "In a few days we shall know," she said cheerfully to the young man.

"And in a few hours almost, I shall be gone from Ephesus," the young man sighed.

The mother smiled indulgently. "Could not my boy postpone his trip a few days?" she asked, trying him.

The boy turned a hurt look upon her. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" he said quietly.

"Yes, my brave boy," she said, patting his hand affectionately. "You have trusted all to God, and what will you do with this that now weighs so heavily upon our hands?"

"Trust God for it," said Euthumos, looking absently into the distance.

"And could we find our lady of the locket here in Ephesus, except God be with us?" queried Constantia.

"No, mother."

"And could not God find here here in Ephesus, though you be far away, if it be his will?"

"He could, my mother. And I willingly leave all to him. If it be his will, it shall be so."

"Yes, and how perfectly has he kept our trust in him. Never once have we been disappointed. It is a long time now, we have known him."

"Yes. How long since father died? Eighteen years, I think, since, when I was a boy of ten, he drew my hand to him and in its tiny center marked a cross with his own hand and bade me hold it up before the world, and pray 'Thy kingdom come.'"

"Ah, yes," said the mother. "How ardently we have prayed thy kingdom come; and yet it does not come. Sometimes I grow almost weary of watching for his coming. It is so long delayed. My father and mother prayed for it, and my father's father prayed for it, and we are praying for it, and yet he comes not."

"Ah, mother, but he will come. He will come. More than that mother. He is coming all the time. Maybe we have misunderstood. The Jews have misunderstood their sacred Scriptures. They know not that Messiah has come, and yet he has been here. Maybe we have misunderstood our Scriptures and he has come already. Do you not remember, mother, how father used to call conversion the coming of Jesus to the heart? As he saw men and women come to Jesus he was wont to say so beautifully that Jesus had come to them. Oh when I think that, when I remember how Jesus said, the kingdom of heaven is within you, and again the kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation, I think we have been deceiving ourselves, and that it has been coming, and he has been coming all the time. Oh surely," and the boy's eye lighted with enthusiasm. "Surely I have seen him coming, coming, coming, again and again. Think how everywhere the gospel spreads! How many Christians, think you, were in Ephesus when father died?"

"A thousand, perhaps," ventured the mother.

"Perhaps, and how many now? Not less than ten thousand Christians are everywhere. They fight in the armies, they trade in the marts, they sail in the ships, they sit even in the houses of prefects and pro-consuls. Oh the kingdom of heaven is coming, is coming! And Jesus is coming, and you and I mother, are about our Father's business. We are giving our lives to bring it about. Oh God, in thy goodness sustain and help us!"

The mother had been looking on with mingled pride and apprehension. Her brilliant son startled her at times. His conceptions were daring ones and she half doubted, yet he was so true, so loyal, and so successful she could not doubt him.

"And do you think then, that our Saviour will not come on the clouds of heaven as they have said?" she asked anxiously.

"Yea, that do I."

"I am so glad. It has been my stay and hope."

"But," he continued, "It may not be for long, long, long ages yet. But all the time he is coming in our hearts and through us into the lives of others. Oh may we lift him up! May we lift him up!"

So saying, with a kiss of dutiful affection upon his mother's forehead, he turned and was gone.

"Whither, my son, whither, so swiftly?" called the mother.

He turned quickly at the door, pointing upward with the roll in his hand, he said: "About my Father's business. Pray mother, pray, thy kingdom come." And he was gone.

"It is my last day, and may God answer my prayer," thought Euthumos on the morrow as he made his way rapidly to the school of Sulpicius. The morning was well advanced when he rose to speak, and he had not been talking long before he was sensible of the presence of the slave. She seemed alone, as usual, but presently he noted as he swept the crowd a veiled face whose contour and the shoulders on which it reposed reminded him of the lady of the locket. He saw this and then forgot it as he mounted from height to height of his impassioned speech. He forgot all else but the quest of souls. Before him he saw faces familiar to him, of men whom he knew and understood, and he felt he could win them, if any one, and if he went from Ephesus without hearing them confess Jesus Christ they might never confess him. He felt himself inspired. New glimpses of truth and new power in old truth appeared to him. The auditorium seemed to rock with the power of his passion. The men stood spellbound or swayed this way and that under the impulse of his spirit. Closing with a fitting climax, he lifted his voice in prayer, and then turned with eager restless eye over the crowd to note the effect of his words. Here and there were men who with downcast faces were turning away. They were the men who had seen Jesus and loved him, but unwilling to pay the price, like the young man of great possessions to whom Jesus spoke, went away sorrowing. Others with eager upturned faces were pressing forward through the throng to grasp the hands of the brethren and seek for more knowledge. Others stood still, merely looking on. As his eye traveled among the groups, it rested once more upon the face of the lady of the locket. The veil was raised now, and with clear earnest eyes she strained to look into his face. He had scarcely time to note the locket gleaming at her throat, when he saw his mother approach the girl and lay a hand upon her arm.

"Sister," said Constantia, "I would speak to you of Jesus Christ."

"And I," said she, promptly, "could hear more of him." Constantia led the way to a seat beneath a great pillar that supported a part of the roof.

"You have been here before, child?" she said simply.

"Once; but could not come again till now. My mother would not have me hear more, while herself she sent each day her slave, Hellé to listen and tell her what was said. Today I stole quietly away when Hellé was gone, and came alone."

"And is your soul satisfied with what you have heard?"

"Satisfied? No. It is aroused, stirred to its depths. Sometimes the sea with a full tide runs swiftly along the coast and would devour, it seems, the very mountains. So my soul has been roused to a flood tide of feeling by what I have heard. I would devour the very mountains of truth. Two things I am most eager to do. To scan one of your Scriptures about Jesus; the other to inquire what I must do to become a Christian. But first the Scripture."

Constantia placed in her hand a portion of the Gospel of Luke. She quickly unrolled it, and her eager eyes seemed to hurry themselves over the words. It was the gospel of the infancy of Jesus. She read: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit," etc. She went on till it came to the account of the adventure in the temple, and to the text: "How is it that ye sought me? Knew ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Just then Hellé spoke to her reprovingly. "Child! Child! where have you been? Oh what a fright! I have been home and found you not. Your mother is frantic. I came again searching through the streets. Have I deserved so ill of you?"

Helena, used to having her own way, answered calmly, "Listen, Hellé! Here is my answer: 'How is it that ye sought me. Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' Then turning once more to Constantia, and seeming quite oblivious to the slave's entreaties, she continued: "And this Scripture? Is it for sale? May I buy it?"

"It is not for sale. I will lend it to you. You may buy from the copyists."

"Good. They shall make copies for me of all their Scriptures. And now to my next question. What do I to become a Christian, and know forgiveness of my sins, and enjoy the Christian's hope?"

"You must believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, that he redeems you from sin. You must repent of your sins, which means to cast them off. You must be buried in the water in the name of the Lord Jesus for the remission of your sins, and rising to walk in newness of life, you shall receive remission of sins and the gift of the Spirit."

"So simple. And is that all?"

"All! is it not enough? It will make you a new creature. You will no longer care for wealth and jewels of gold and silver. You will no longer spend your days in idleness. You will not be proud or vengeful or high-spirited. You will spend your days in helpful service. You will seek out the needy and help them; the poor, and feed them; the crippled, and support them. You will honor Jesus Christ. You will lift him up above the world. You will no longer pray to the old gods. You will deny that they are gods. You will set your face against paganism and idolatry—which means that your friends will cast you off, and your loved ones will spurn you. You may be haled before the courts, and may even be sent to the torture and the lions. All? Is it not enough? It is all you have in the world that you may give up."

"And yet, having given up so much, I will be happy?"

"Supremely so. Are you happy now?"

"No. You have given up all and you are happy?"

"Happy, child, how can one be otherwise. I am Christ's. I am the child of a king. The God of heaven has numbered the hairs of my head, and named me, and cared for me. Sleeping or waking, living or dead, I am the Lord's. And when I shall have concluded a life of happy service on earth I shall find a crown of glory awaiting me."

"Ah. Then what you give up to become a Christian is that which is only a burden to you anyway. And that which you take on to become a Christian, is really that supreme happiness for which all the world is battling—only you get it. They do not?"

"It is so."

"Then I will be baptized. Jesus is mine. Lead me to the water."

"Child," said Constantia, "you are very abrupt."

"Why tarry," answered the beautiful young woman. "Why tarry. My heart has found Jesus Christ. Shall I not obey him. If well tomorrow, if well next week, why not well today. I will be baptized at once."

Euthumos had stepped near and for some time been an auditor without being noticed. Now Constantia made way for him, saying: "My son, Euthumos, sister. Your name I know not."

"My name," she said sweetly, and with dignity, "is Helena, only daughter of the Lady Leda. My father, Galba Liborius, is dead."

"And you are to become a Christian?" said Euthumos.

"Yes, and I am so eager to begin. What can I do, do, do! You are a doing-people are you not?"

"In the name of Jesus Christ," he answered. "And what is your purpose in becoming a Christian?"

"To serve him who hath served us all so well. To learn, that I may teach. To help bear burdens. I have slaves. They shall work for the church at Ephesus. They shall carry your baskets to the poor, they shall attend your sick. I have wealth, it shall flow into your treasury as fast as you pour it out in deeds of mercy. All that I have shall go to honor the things that Christ has honored. With my wealth, and with myself will I hold him up before the world."

"Child," said Euthumos, who somehow felt very old in her presence, "you are indeed converted. You shall be baptized to-night if it is your will. We will seek some quiet baths away from the gaze of the vulgar eye and there, with the brethren round you, you shall go down with Christ into the waters from which you are to rise a new creature in him."

"Tonight. Nay, now, if you please, good minister. I have a mother and sometimes she differs from her daughter and I am long in gaining her will to mine. I will be baptized now, straightway, for when I go home, I shall go home a Christian."

"Then, it shall be-as you wish," said Euthumos. "My mother will attend you with some of the women to a private bath where presently, I will join you with an elder who will baptize you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"And may not you baptize me?" she asked, almost poutingly.

"I may, yes; but I choose not," answered the young man with dignity.

"Oh, you choose not. Very well. I am baptized into the name of the same Lord by whosoever does it," she said sweetly.

Almost immediately the baptism was arranged for, and there were other candidates beside Helena, some being men who had that morning confessed. The old slave, Hellé, never left her charge for a moment, and having done all she could to dissuade her, followed doggedly to the scene of the baptism, and then hurried her charge away, while the blessings of her new brethren in Christ Jesus rang in her ears.

As the baptisms were concluded, Euthumos received a note summoning himself and his mother post haste to the house of Lucretia.

"What can we tell her?" he asked his mother.

"Naught but the truth."

"But that will inflame her. To know that we have seen the locket, that we know who the wearer is, and where she is, in the city of Ephesus, but a few doors away, and that we have not yet asked her of the locket—will it not rouse her to a frenzy?"

"I fear it will, my son, but what can we do else?"

"Aye, what can we do? It is most awkward. Helena is per-

fectly assured that the woman with whom she lives is now her mother. To ask her about the locket will seem but a most vulgar curiosity. To pry into that which may bring sorrow to her is a most dangerous business."

"Yes; we must be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. We must remember, too, the words of Jesus, to trust in him, and in the hour of trial it will be given us what we shall speak."

All the while this conversation was going on between them, they were moving toward the house of Lucretia.

Arriving there, they were ushered in as before, and almost immediately confronted by the mad Lucretia, with the declaration, "Well! Well! Well! Have you brought her to me? Have you brought her to me? Have you brought her to me? Have you?"

"Calm yourself, sister," said Constantia, breathing a prayer for safety, as the violent woman with blazing insane orbs confronted her. "It is hardly time yet; but forty-eight hours since you commissioned us to find her; it is a short time in which to sweep the cities of the Roman world."

"Well, it is enough. If your God will find her for you, he will find her instantly; if he be God. You know even now where she is and who she is. Do you? Do you? DO YOU? She went into a perfect paroxysm. Her blazing eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire."

"Do you?" she shrieked again.

"We do," answered Constantia calmly.

"O, O, O," she cried, "Thank God, thank God." Her whole demeanor changed. Sinking in a pitiful heap before Constantia, she clasped her feet, crying, as she showered kisses upon them. "Oh you have found my daughter! Christ has found her."

"Yes, indeed, Christ has found her," said Constantia, with a meaning the crazed woman could not understand.

"Where is she?" cried the woman, rousing herself. "Bring her to me."

"We cannot."

"Cannot! Then bring me to her."

"We cannot."

"And then you have lied and are deceiving me. Oh, you have trifled with a woman's heart—with a mother's love. Oh, I will grind you between the upper and the nether mill stones of an outraged mother's vengeance if you have deceived me."

"We are not deceiving you, my poor woman."

"Then where is she? Tell me. You have seen her?"

"Yes, and spoken to her."

"And you told her her mother was looking for her."

"I did not."

"Did not! and you played me false."

"No; not that; she has a mother whom she thinks is her real mother."

"How then did you know her?"

"She wore the locket."

"A golden locket?"

"Yes."

"With two serpents?"

"Yes."

"Their eyes of jewels?"

"Yes."

"Two with emeralds?"

"Yes."

"And two with rubies?"

"Yes."

"Of Egyptian make?"

"So it seemed."

"Tied at her wrist with tiny blue ribbons?"

"No, she wore it about her throat."

"Oh, of course, fool that I am. She is not a baby. Tell me, how tall was she?"

"As tall as you are."

"And what like was she?"

"More beautiful than any woman my eyes have ever beheld, and more lovely in her person than the world has ever seen before," broke in Euthumos.

"And you have not brought her to me, and you will not bring me to her? And you did not tell her who she was? O, O, O! Go! Go!" and she seized the mother by the arm and hurried her toward the door. "Go tell her I am waiting. I have waited long, long for her. She must come. Tell her her mother would hold her in her arms; would rock her to sleep, would croon a lullaby to her. Tell her a thousand slaves wait to serve her, to fan her, to dress her hair."

"She has all of that."

"Oh, she is rich?"

"Aye, it would seem as rich as you are."

"She is not a slave?"

"No, no."

"She is not married?"

"No."

"She lives in Ephesus?"

"In Ephesus; she moves about its streets. You shall see her. But not yet."

"But not yet!" Who are you to say "not yet to me?" Again the woman flew into a perfect frenzy of rage. She rang a bell summoning a servant. Turning, she said with a tone of imperial command. "Go, woman, bring my daughter to me; till you come with her, I hold your son as hostage. Go! Go! Go!"

Constantia, embarrassed looked at her son.

"Humor her," he said.

"But I know not how to see the girl; I know not what to say to her when I have seen her."

"Seek her, tell her anything you please and come back. Mayhap you can bring her with you. I do not know whether it is best. May God guide you. I will stay and talk with her. Her humor will doubtless change presently. Go, and God be with you!"

The servant entering, Constantia was shown to the outer porches, and made her way to the street, while Euthumos spoke soothingly to Lucretia and sought to engage her in conversation. Her passion cooled, as she found herself obeyed. It soothed her, and she sat down and fell to looking him over, from head to foot.

"You are a noble youth," she said. "If you were in the service of the emperor you would surely rise, taking your wisdom, your eloquence, your beauty and your discretion together."

"I serve a greater."

"Whom?"

"The King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

"Yes," she said, half curiously, half quizzically, "tell me of him."

And now we will follow Constantia. She disliked to go alone to the house of the lady Liberius, well known in Ephesus; yet her message was secret. Hardly had she gone a hundred paces, when she met Hellé, the slave.

"Oh, woman!" cried the slave, "Come to our house at once!

You have wrought trouble enough with us! We are sorely tried and vexed!" The lady Leda does nothing but laugh and cry. She insists that you shall tell her the strange spell you have wrought upon her daughter, that has changed her so." Seizing her by the hand, the slave hurried her through a few by-streets, out into a broader one, where many of the wealthy dwelt, in through a covered way, and presently was with her entering into a broad court. Here by a fountain, Constantia espied Helena sitting. "Ah, sister," she said, rising to greet her, and planting a kiss upon her cheek, "and so you are come to see how your new convert fares."

"Your slave has guided me hither," responded Constantia.

"Yes," said Helena, "poor timid Hellé! she is ever fearful for me, and for my mother."

"And is your mother disturbed?"

"Not so much as she will be before I am done with being a Christian," said Helena with an assumed lightness.

"Then I may speak my business first, for I have business with you. Will you bid the slave retire?"

"At a sign from Helena, Hellé dropped away out of earshot, and Constantia began.

"That which I am to say to you is strange indeed; so strange, I know not how to begin nor where, nor whether to begin at all or not. But my God guiding me and the Holy Spirit prompting me, has said as much as this to me. 'The Lady Helena is one of us; you may lay your concern before her and she will help you.'

"Good," said Helena; "right gladly will I. Say on."

"But it may grieve you deeply, I know not how deeply, that which I am to say; it may break up your home, tear you from the arms of the Lady Leda."

"Why, what can it be?" asked Helena wonderingly, "Persecution so soon? I am ready; but first I had hoped to serve. But tell me simply and straight, what it is."

"I cannot tell you simply," said Constantia, "for it is very complex. I fear I am but a meddler; and yet, my child, it concerns you; and it concerns me; for my son Euthumos, is held a prisoner in the house of a mad woman, who might speak a word to a hired assassin and he would strike him down at her feet, so powerful is she."

"Oh! you frighten me!" exclaimed the startled girl.

"Ah, so I feared child; I fear it is too much. Poor little one; so young. Some one has sinned, child, and I fear your young heart must bleed for it; and perhaps my son's, too. It is ever the way of the world. The innocent suffer for the guilty. Jesus dies for our sins, and innocent are continually suffering."

"And I too am willing to suffer. Is it not my Father's business to alleviate suffering, to cure sin, and must I who have but just become a Christian, must I not be about my Father's business? Tell me. I will bear a burden too. How strange though. I thought I could send my slave's to bear the church's burden, and my money to do its work, and now you come to me with something that slaves cannot bear, nor money purchase relief from. It is something my own poor heart must bear."

"Even so, and may God help me that I lay the burden gently on your shoulders," said Constantia.

"Even so let it be done; but sister, see you speak and spare not; and hasten, for I dance on sword's points to know what it is."

"Then hearken well child. Do you know Fundanus, the Roman?"

"Pro-consul of Asia? Yes, I know him."

"Do you know his wife?"

"No, I have heard she is mad—the mad Lucretia."

"Yes. Well, in Rome many years ago, they had two sons, when Fundanus was an ambitious tribune; and a daughter came into their home and they exposed her."

"Yes, I have heard."

"Have heard? Yes, since I heard Lucretia was mad, I heard that her sons having died, she did nothing but moan for her daughter, and call for her." How can this concern me?"

Helena's very innocence of interest allayed Constantia's feelings and fears.

"Perhaps it does not concern you, she went on to say. Well, a few days since, Lucretia sent for us, Euthumos and myself, to bid us find her daughter. She declares that if living we must find her; if dead we must bring her back to life."

"Well."

"On your neck is a very peculiar locket," said Constantia significantly.

"Yes, a present from my father, to whose share it fell as part of the loot of a conquered city."

Again her unconcern allayed the rising feelings of Constantia. "When the infant daughter of Fundanus was to the Lactarian Column for exposure, there was bound to her wrist by a bit of tiny blue ribbon a golden locket of Egyptian make, with two twining serpents having jewels for eyes, one with emerald eyes and one with rubies."

"My own, or like my own," gasped Helena.

"Yes," said Constantia, "like your own. To-day the mad Lucretia sent for us in a perfect fury of impatience. We told her we had seen the locket about the throat of a girl who would be the age of her daughter, and might be she. She is crazed with grief and anxiety. She keeps my son a prisoner till I shall bring you to her. A willing prisoner, so far, it is true; but I know not what moment a murderous fit may seize her and she may order some of her men to fall upon him."

"Oh! Euthumos in danger,—in danger," she said, a strange tremor thrilling through every nerve in a way that the mother felt and understood. "I will go with you at once, and explain that I am the daughter of Galba Liborius, and that my father got the jewel in Gaul. Come, let us away at once."

"Ah, somehow, I fear to have you go. I do not know what to fear, or why I fear; but I do fear. I fear not to have you go, for the mother's sake and for the sake of my boy, but for your own sake. "Still," she went on almost musingly. "If you are hers you ought to give yourself to her. You ought to know if the one who is now your seeming mother is not your mother."

"But," said the girl, "why of course she is my mother. The wife of Fundanus is mistaken. Come, we will go and speak to mother. She knows the mad Lucretia, or did once, and mayhap she will go with me."

"Come" and she tripped into the apartments where her mother had long been waiting the coming of Constantia that she might question her. "This," said Helena, "is Constantia, a noble Christian woman of whom I have told you, mother."

"What strange superstition is this?" said the Lady Leda stiffly. "What means this mysterious incantation or foreign superstition which by the strange rite of immersion in water you have wrought upon my daughter?"

"No incantation, praise God," answered Constantia, with dignified simplicity. "And no foreign superstition. We worship the only true God, and your daughter has this day confessed his Son, and been baptized into his name."

"But she is changed. She is not the same. In two short hours, after much ecstasy of talk for several days, she is changed. She will give her wealth away, she will fling all her possessions to the poor. She will tramp the streets of Ephesus seeking the poor and the needy. She will make my home an asylum for lame and

halt and blind. She has been reading your strange Scriptures aloud to the slaves in the dining room; I doubt not she will have a church in my house before a week. She is so changed I hardly know her. I look at her and think, 'Why, she is not my daughter'."

"So think I, madam, as I look at her," said Constantia quietly, but with a penetrating voice, and glance that brought a look of suspicion to Leda's sharp blue eyes, and paled her face perceptibly.

"Oh, yes," laughed Helena. "What do you think?"

"The lady Constantia would have me think I am not your daughter."

"What?" shrieked the Lady Leda. "What?"

"I say, mother dear, that the Lady Constantia has a quest upon her mind. She is commissioned by the mad Lucretia to find her long lost daughter, and her only means of identification is a strangely wrought locket which was tied to the hand of the daughter of Fundanus as she was taken to the Lactarian Column." The Lady Leda's face grew livid, a look of horror came into her eye. She put forth her hand as if to stop the mouth of Helena, but the girl who stood some distance away went on swiftly. "The locket she describes exactly as the one I wear about my neck."

"It is false! false! false!" shrieked the Lady Leda. From somewhere she drew forth a tiny dagger. It flashed before their eyes, and was plunged directly at the bosom of Constantia. She raised her hand to ward off the blow, but it would have been too late, had not a soft form embraced and swung her aside as swiftly as the dagger flashed, and in an instant it was buried in the breast of Helena, who had offered her life for Constantia's.

In an instant the awfulness of her deed flashed upon the horrified woman. She covered Helena's bleeding breast with kisses, and helped Constantia and Hellé bear the body of the fainting girl to a couch. Constantia's practiced eye, used to horrors of all kinds, took hasty note of the wound, and said, "It is not fatal. Dressing quickly! Quickly!" Soon her skillful hands had stopped the flow of blood, had bound the wound, and Helena, pale and concerned, looking with troubled eye first from her reputed mother Leda to Constantia whose life she had probably saved at the risk of her own, then closed her eyes, and said, "God through Christ guide me. Amen." She then quietly disengaged the locket from her neck, and handed it to Constantia, saying:

"Take it to—my mother."

Leda winced perceptibly, but standing with tortured eyes, and hands mutely clasped, made no objection.

Constantia seemed to feel something of what Leda felt. Crossing to her side, she put her arms about the thoroughly subdued woman, and said, "I have brought you great sorrow this day. But I serve the Lord Christ. I have but wounded that he may heal, and heal forever. For to-day, farewell. I will see you again. For the present, I must go about my Father's business."

"Farewell, and your blessing?" she said, kneeling by the side of Helena. The wounded girl placed her hand weakly on her head, and said, "Pray for me that I may recover quickly, for I too, must be about my Father's business."

"Amen," said Constantia, as she arose and passed out into the street, holding the locket fast in her hand.

(To be continued next week.)

Hail and Farewell

N. M. Ragland

For the space of two and twenty years your pastor to the measure of his ability and his opportunity, has followed the varying fortunes of this Church in sunshine and in shadow; in joy and in sorrow; in prosperity and in adversity; in triumph and in defeat; in hopes and in fears. He has held forth and held fast the word of truth both publicly and from house to house. It has ever been a real pleasure to render acceptable service to any in need of such help as could be given. The only regret is that this service has not been more efficient. Your pastor never sought to pull down and to scatter, but rather to edify, to unite, and to urge on and out into ever-widening circles of love and holy service. The only model is the Master who was in the world as one who served. The only theme is Christ Crucified. The only contention is repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These finer and diviner things have been urged on all alike both in season and out of season—many times with tears. Man's hearts are hungering for love and sympathy. They can get along without

wealth, or philosophy, or criticism, or controversy. Christ saw the multitudes scattered as sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky. His heart was moved with compassion. He multiplied the loaves and the fishes till all were fed. In response to such love the plain people heard him gladly. Rabbi Hirsch says: Were Jesus to revisit the world he would be welcome in every synagogue in the land, and devout Jews of every nation, would repeat the ancient psalm: Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the king of glory shall come in. When the pulpit and pew return to the spirit, the matter, and the manner of the Master's ministry the multitudes will hear them gladly. Yea, all kings will fall down before the Lord, all nations will serve him, because he will deliver the needy, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. The wilderness and the solitary place will be glad. The desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, the lame man shall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. In the wilderness shall springs break out and streams in

the desert. It has been your pastor's constant endeavor to realize this beautiful vision of the poet prophet, however short he may have come of it.

This is the proudest moment in a life that has tasted all the sad variety of grief, because this day I hand back to you, with no stain on its sacred escutcheon, the divine trust committed to my keeping. Two and twenty years are in their graves since this responsibility was accepted. Into these years have gone the best energies of head and heart and hand. Again and again have I thrown myself into the heavy task with an enthusiasm that lighted anew the dying embers of a broken heart. However dark the experience of the present the future was ever bright with the rainbow of hope—that gracious thing made up of tears and light. One learns in suffering that God is love and that sorrow is his own kiss upon the soul. The longest night will sometime find the day. Even the weariest river winds somewhere to the sea. The pathway of the just is as a shining light that grows brighter and brighter till the perfect day.

Give place to God. Make room for goodness in the stores of your life.

*From the sermon preached in the First Church, Fayetteville, Ark., June 2, 1907, at the close of the pastorate of N. M. Ragland.

The Prayer Meeting---"National Dangers"

National Dangers and Defenses Topic,
July 3. Judges 7:4-8.

Silas Jones

The dangers that confront the American people are to be sought at home, not abroad. True, we may still need armies and navies, owing to the barbarism that remains in us and our neighbors, but the safety of the nation cannot be secured by fighting men. The soldier that is not a butcher fights for a noble cause. In his oration on those who had fallen in the first Peloponnesian war, Pericles said: "For we enjoy a form of government which does not copy the laws of our neighbors; but we are ourselves rather a pattern to others than imitators of them. In name, from its not being administered for the benefit of the few, but of the many, it is called a democracy; but with regard to its laws, all enjoy equality, as concerns their private differences; while with regard to public rank, according as each man has reputation for anything, he is preferred for public honors, not so much from consideration of party, as of merit; nor, again, on the ground of poverty, while he is able to do the state any good service, is he prevented by the obscurity of his position." After he has told of Athenian justice, he adds: "It was for such a country then that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be will-

ing to suffer in its behalf." If the American citizen goes to the field of battle it must be in behalf of a holy cause. We must not fight for the glory of the warrior. Let other peoples boast, if they will, of their men of valor. Let us strive to give every citizen a fair chance to be virtuous and happy.

The dangerous citizen is he who thinks of what he can get from others and never of the service he can render. Such a man will steal and he will violate the law whenever it suits his business interests and he feels safe from the courts. The great thieves are possible because we have so many petty thieves. If thousands of men and women who count themselves honest had a finer sense of the property rights of others in little things there would be fewer railroads stolen. Rear Admiral Evans is on record as saying: "The American souvenir-hunter will steal anything except a cellar full of water." The people who robbed the cabin of the Italian flagship, the Varese, probably consider themselves honest. The White House has to be carefully guarded to keep respectable citizens from stealing its contents. The selfish man dishonors his country by disobeying its laws. The saloonkeeper is an example. He does not ask about public welfare when he

opens his saloon on Sunday and keeps it open after the legal hour for closing at night. He is looking to his profits. And the man who votes for the saloon for the purpose of saving taxes is a dangerous citizen. If he sells out to the saloon, he will sell out to something else and he helps other men to do wrong.

The nation is defended by its unselfish citizens. We have many such. They are not saints with halos about their heads. They are just plain men and women. They are more concerned about giving the boys and girls a chance than they are about amassing great wealth. They prefer a good conscience to political honors. They take an interest in public affairs. No scoundrel gets into office through their indifference. They do not shun the criticism directed against all who come out openly for the right. They do not buy city councils and state legislatures. They ask for themselves only what they ask for others in the way of legal protection. They feel ashamed if they find that they have been enjoying special privileges. They will not lie for the sake of gain. They hope at last to stand before God and receive his approval of their lives. They ask his forgiveness like any common sinner. They are not trying to get into heaven by a private door.

Eureka, Ill.

Christian Endeavor---"The Mormons"

Topic, June 30. The Progress of Work
Among the Mormons.—Matt. 7:15-23;
24-11.

Royal L. Handley

(Our young people are requested by our Home Missionary Society to exchange the topics for the last Sundays of June and July, using the topic on home missions June 30. A special program has been prepared by Brother W. M. Taylor, formerly of Salt Lake City, now of New Orleans, La. A leaflet has been written by him also, and these we will send to all our Endeavor Societies promising to observe Home Mission Day and take an offering for Idaho on June 30th.)

It is a notable fact that the greatest opposition to Mormonism comes not from those who are least informed about it, but from men who have been among Mormons and know real conditions. Our own preachers who have labored in Utah and among Mormons elsewhere speak unhesitatingly of the evil and great danger of the system.

The Home and Social Side.

A very casual study of the Mormon people, says W. H. Bagby, reveals the fact that in the main they represent the lower and more illiterate classes of European and American society. In large measure these people retain the grossness of the society from which they came. It cannot be charged against the Mormon religion that it made them profane and immoral, for they were in most cases profane and immoral when the Mormon missionaries found them; but it can be charged, and the charge sustained, that it leaves them so. That Mormonism has little or no power to lift men and women to a high plane of morality is perfectly patent. Its standards are too low. (The system is founded upon the lust of power, of gold and of the flesh. If in-

dividuals and homes rise to an exalted plane of morality and even spirituality, it is due to other influences than those exerted by their religion. And there are such individuals and such homes to be found among the Mormons in Utah.)

But it is with the home and the society that are the legitimate products of the Mormon religion that we have to do in this paper. Is the home that is the product of this religion a happy home? Is the society that is the product of this system a desirable society? There is but one answer that can be given to these questions, and that is a negative one. The home that is produced by Mormonism is a home in which the practice of polygamy or the belief in the practice prevails. No home can be what God meant it should be where polygamy or the possibility of it is. The polygamous home represents a tragedy in which wives and children are the victims. A little child of a plural wife asked his mother pathetically, "Why does not our papa come home like other children's papas do?" The home to which a living, loving father does not come at the close of each day can never be a home of happiness to wife and children.

Missionary Zeal.

"This gigantic and evil-minded political-religious organization, that daily defies the Constitution of the United States and violates the purity of love and the home, is pursuing a propaganda in all this territory that is imperfectly known and realized by the people of the eastern states. Mormon missionaries by two and two are dispatched to every town and hamlet under a supervision the most rigid imaginable, and their zeal is worthy of a better cause. Evidently it is the purpose of the Mor-

mon leaders to quietly take possession of this growing empire of the West while the Christian agencies are half asleep, and so entrench themselves as to hold the balance of power politically in order that they may defy the government."

THE EXCEPTION.

One of the wisest and most princely givers in the brotherhood said the other day that he was going to help in the re-construction of the San Francisco churches, because of the exceptional nature of the situation there. It is contrary to his general plan to assist in building churches, because the people on the ground are usually most able and willing to do this, but the people in San Francisco, while willing to the point of heroism, are unable to do what is needed, and the necessity relates not only to their own requirement of places of worship, but to the vast population of a metropolis that must be reached with the Gospel, and to the opportunity which is open before the brotherhood to put the two-fold plea before the vast and growing population of this rejuvenated city.

Even the places of extreme need, local weakness and strategic importance are uniformly referred to the church extension board. But it is already doing all its funds will allow and joins in this emergency call that is made necessary by the exceptional situation at San Francisco.

Then we are coming in on the home-stretch of the century and must do our actual best. He who gives July 7th not only helps but bears witness.

W. R. Warren, Centennial Secretary.

After a First Great Sorrow

A young girl with the startled face of the newly-motherless dropped down on the seat beside me.

"They tell me that after a while I shall outlive my sorrow; that it will all slip off, and leave me the same girl again."

"God forbid!" I exclaimed.

She caught the ball lightly. That was one of her fine traits—to come out of herself at another's touch, and help along with what one wanted to say.

"You would rather not have me the same girl again?"—and her smile looked all the brighter for the sadness which went before.

"Not quite the same. You could not be. Nobody can. It would be a poor result of all our grief and wrestling if at the end of it we were nothing but our former selves. 'Let us rather be thankful', as George Eliot reminds us, 'that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing from pain to sympathy.'"

"Does the pain ever pass?" Alice cried, pressing her hands upon her heart. Out of the depth of her first great sorrow she asked it. Later, we know what it is to have despaired and to have recovered hope.

"I have been thinking," I went on, "how ready your mother always was to let you go upon your frequent travels, for happiness to be gathered into your heart; and that now, when your turn has come for staying behind and letting her go to the sure finding of her heart's desire you will not fail in courage and cheer for her departure. You will rather be absorbed in the gladness before her, and go forth with her in accompanying sympathy, still bearing her invisible good comradeship."

The girl's sob was gulped down. "That way of putting it helps," she said bravely; "but I am too poor in spirit to walk far into the infinite. Aren't there any human, low-down handrails?"

"Indeed, yes; and they go by the homely names of work and full occupation. I taught myself to drive nails straight into the head during one stress of emotion. Another time I took to the plane and did not let it go until I could make an even shaving two yards long. More than once pulling weeds in my garden has been a life-preserver. 'When waves of trouble roll,' the hymn neglects to recommend polishing silver or washing windows, but they are potent opiates."

Alice laughed. "There are many hours in the day, however, and one's little bones and muscles get weary."

"Exactly; and then you sleep. Day-times, too, whenever you can. Some wise person said that the need of a nap is often mistaken for the longing to die. Mercifully, in the times of our deepest sorrow the sleep of even a light sleeper is usually heavy. If inclined to be wakeful at night, do not try to think down your melancholy thoughts. Have a lamp, and get up and read, or memorize poetry. Try the great comforting Psalms, Shakespeare's sonnets or Browning's 'Paracelsus'—something to steady the whirling brain and, reaching beyond, comfort the heart.

Let your reading these days be of the courageous sort. Stevenson's letters will be a tonic, as when he wishes a correspondent 'better luck; or, if not, more grit to bear it;' or declares: 'Happiness

is not man's wayside campings; his soul is on the journey; he was born for the struggle;' or when he 'trusts your remorse do not dine with the family.' Or, try the life of Baroness Bunsen, 'whose cheerfulness was putting a good face on care;' or the correspondence of Goethe's mother, who rallied herself for 'pulling a wry face when the blessed God lays a cross on thee,' asking herself: 'Dost thou then want to walk on roses forever?' After the death of Mr. Lewes, George Eliot read the Iliad and the Odyssey through in the originals, to separate her from sad and useless thoughts. You might do well to take up some entirely new study on which to fix your attention. A class in Greek is to be started in Avenue Church; why not join that?"

"I will," replied Alice; "it will be an easy way of meeting people again. They will be so occupied with their Greek alphabet that they will not magnify my distress by their attempts at sympathy."

Alice looked up quickly as though half expecting a reproof.

"Some so-called sympathy is very hard to bear," I replied. "Perhaps we get it in order to learn what, in our turn, to avoid. The mind which has suffered keenly acquires a special insight. But what comfort there is in the right kind of sympathy! I once shut myself up from callers, but opened a side door one

Because of delay or loss in the mail we cannot publish the Sunday School lesson this week. Two lessons will be printed next week.—Editor.

afternoon to what I thought was my butter-woman. It proved to be a school friend of many years before. She was a farmer's wife, her life full of homely cares. Books and music and travel were unknown quantities to her. She was overcome with shyness as she greeted me, but her face was full of sympathetic love, and her eyes filled with tears. Evidently I must be the composed one. So I welcomed her in, and tried to put her at her ease. She began her errand at once. She had recalled how in my childhood visits to her parents' farm I had liked a certain kind of bread and cookies; and she had baked some for me after the old recipes. To the huge, delicious loaf, and the cookies an inch thick, she had added a bottle of 'smearcase.'

"How dear!" exclaimed Alice, "and you felt better for a week."

"Forever!" I added. "As she went out of the front door I propped it wide open, and put chairs on the veranda, and wound up that cordon with which I had hedged myself about, and vowed that my clouds should lower over nobody but myself. Then, too, the people who began coming brought not only welcome kindness and sympathy, but refreshing and needed cheer. After showing all tenderness for my grief, wise friends brought me a breath from the outer world; showed me that misfortune had not shut me from their thoughts; helped me take up life again. I even

"loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of love."

"So you let people come to you," com-

mented Alice, after a silence; "did you go to them?"

"You pin me close," I laughed, "and I am neither model nor oracle; but I did learn that charity manifested to others softens one's own sorrows, and teaches us that we are not alone to suffer. Looking around I saw afflicted ones more to be pitied than I, and whatever little good I could do them seemed always to fall back upon myself. Maeterlinck was right when he said that the soul changes to beauty the little things that we give it."

"The same comforter who told me that I should be the same girl as before," Alice remarked dryly, "hinted that I had loved my mother too much; and a little later that she was glad I was so resigned."

"We can never love too much," I broke in impatiently; "we may love unwisely"—I knew the caller was that sort of a mother to her own children; and I knew also that it was her bitter realization that she had not been a worthy daughter which had made her so violently demonstrative at her mother's funeral—"and it is not depth of love, but weakness, which breeds extreme mourning and wild outcry. We all know that your relation with that radiant life whose presence you so sadly miss was so complete, so perfect, that your loss leaves a trail of light for its own consolation."

"Do you think," asked Alice, whose questions now showed me that she was seeking time to draw her own conclusions rather than to be convinced by any arguments of mine, "that we are justified in sparing ourselves? I went to call yesterday upon an old friend of my mother. Her questions about details of the past weeks, her insistence upon her own loneliness, the strain of controlling myself during the whole visit, exhausted me more than weeks of watching."

"Do not go again just yet. A few months hence it will be different. Spare yourself, too, about letter-writing. Friends will understand your delay. Do not hurry, either, to look over precious belongings and letters, the examination of which would cause you deep distress now. In the future the same thing will be rather a source of tender joy. I would not have you hasten to forget. Sorrow has its own work to do, and leaves behind something which we would not altogether be without; neither would I have you needlessly irritating and deepening God-given wounds. You are not 'of a race that hawks their sorrow in the market-place.' You have already roused your soul to agree with God silently. Happily in his light you see light. Go on to meet the great Artist half-way, and help him to build his magic cities of hope and cheer, and plant his enchanted woods of peace and liberty in your soul.

"No, you will never be the same girl again," I said, as Alice rose to answer a summons from within. "The poignancy of your pain, believe me, will pass, and in the fullness of time you will be able to say:

"Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown;
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before."

—The Congregationalist.

FROM THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

Laura DeLany Garst.

Japan's signal victory over Russia was an enigma to many. In explanation, among other data the following on the temperance lines should be noted:

Gen. Kuroki commanded the first Japanese army which opened the land campaign in Manchuria, and won the first great battles of the war at the mouth of the Yalu River. In twenty months this division fought fifty battles. Gen. Kuroki, the Union Signal notes, sent out the ultimatum, "If any man gets drunk while on duty he will be shot to death."

Strict prohibitory measures along the line of march of the returning army at the close of the war and at the port of embarkation prevented the unseemly occurrences which the officers foresaw would inevitably result if liquor were allowed. A certain Lieut. Imai became a teetotaler because impressed with the much more speedy recovery of temperance men in the hospitals. Subsequently through his influence every man in his company became a total abstainer and the 13,000 Russian prisoners under him were much more easily governed when liquor was denied them.

Mrs. McCauley of Tokyo gives most interesting testimony in the Union Signal. She cites the fact that the Japanese soldiers have no wage but that the trifling sum of one and one-half cents daily is allowed them for personal luxuries. During eighteen months of almost daily visitations at the Toyama hospital where from seven to eight thousand soldiers, sick and wounded, were under treatment, she saw the most rigid inspection of all parcels and not one drop of liquor was allowed the men. The following lines from her quoted from the above authority must be read with great interest: "Some time later, I stood before the palace gate, where twenty magnificent Krupp guns, captured at Port Arthur, were displayed, along with hundreds of smaller cannon, and a ten thousand stand of arms, all trophies taken from Russia."

"I engaged in conversation with an officer who was standing before one of the finest bronze guns mounted on a revolving pedestal. I inquired, 'where were those fine cannon taken from?'"

"Port Arthur."

"Well, you now own Port Arthur and you will need guns to defend it. Why are these guns here?"

"To educate the people, and we shall tear one of these guns to pieces to study how we can improve it, and reproduce a better gun in Japan. Japan has never made a gun like this, but she will some day make a better one."

"If Japan had inferior warships and inferior guns, how does it happen that Russia is the defeated party and Japan has Russia's guns on her field of trophies?"

"Ah, the MEN behind the inferior guns WERE SOBER, and RUSSIA'S WERE DRUNK."

The funnel from a Russian gunboat stands before the museum at Kanda. It looks like a collander, having perhaps five hundred holes, and with a great hole torn in its side. Nearby stands another funnel, taken from a Japanese gunboat, with six little dints on it, not a hole. Japan SOBER hit FIVE HUNDRED TIMES, while Russia DRUNK managed SIX LITTLE TAPS, another lesson for Japan! "LET AMERICA PROFIT BY THE LESSON."

Tourist—What do the people round here live on, Pat?

Jarvey—Pigs, sorr, mainly, and tourists in the summer.—Punch.

"I say," Uncle Jack, I dreamed you gave me a half crown last night."

"Did you, me boy? Well, you can keep it."—London Tattler.

"Dubley says his motto is, 'Live and learn.'"

"Well, if he isn't more successful at the former than the latter, we'll be going to his funeral soon." — Philadelphia Press.

"The trouble with that man is that he takes small matters seriously."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but you could not expect him to do otherwise without sacrificing his self-esteem." — Washington Star.

"An old subscriber writes us to know what a married couple can live comfortably on," said the stenographer.

"Tell her twenty-five per cent more than they have," answered the correspondence editor, wisely.

Mrs. Brindle—Now, Mary, I want you to be careful. This is some very old table linen—been in the family for more than two hundred years, and—

Mary—Ah! sure, ma'am, you needn't worry. I won't tell a soul, and it looks as good as new, anyway.—Illustrated Bits.

Irate Parent—Here! what is all this noise?

Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing trains, and I am the locomotive.

Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.—Illustrated Bits.

"I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question; but the lad was equal to it. 'If we had instinct,' he said, 'we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind, or be a fool.'"—Harper's Weekly.

The Blight of It.

"Tell you a story? Well, dear, once there was a great, big wolf, with eyes like—"

"Papa, was it a real wolf or just a faked up wolf?"

Course Clearly Marked Out.

Inquisitive Acquaintance—Have you ever thought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you are half a mile or more up in the air?

Daring Aeronaut—Often. I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.

Philosophic.

"You really should be more economical," said Wiseman.

"O," retorted Galley, "I will be some day."

"Yes; some day you'll have to be."

"All right; if I have to I won't mind it so much."—Philadelphia Press.

Let's Cheer Up

By Comparison.

"What beastly weather you have here!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Yes, we do sometimes," said the native. "We are fortunate just now, however, in having a succession of fine days."

"Fine days? Why, it rains nearly all the time!"

"What of that? They're warm rains, aren't they?"

Well Trained.

A certain spinster in Indianapolis, who has lived alone in her beautiful and stately home for many years, is one of the city's most notable housewives, says The Indianapolis Journal. No childish fingers have ever marred the brilliance of her mirrors and windows or played havoc with the handsome bronzes and vases in the daintily cared-for dining-room.

At the home of her brother, where several children romp from morning until night, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping is impossible, as may be imagined. One day the spinster's small niece returned home after a tea party at aunt's, and, in an awed tone, said, "Mother, I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house, but"—thoughtfully—"it was washing itself."

UNCOVER THE SALOON.

A new kind of temperance agitation is called for. Clear, dispassionate display of facts is required to identify the saloon with every one of the evils which have evoked late civic indignations. Do men talk of graft? It is the saloon that furnishes the scene and atmosphere where bribery is easy and secure from interference. Do men deplore the rule of corrupt political bosses? It is the saloon that rallies the mass of venal and unpatriotic voters who constitute the phalanx of the bosses' power? Has crime become rampant on the streets? The saloon is the refuge of the criminals. Does vice seek protection? The saloon effects the arrangement with policemen who are familiar with its dark secrets and comrades of its debased fraternity. Do gamblers wish to ply their demoralizing trade among the young? The saloon affords them not only the shield of its black wings, but brings them the susceptible patronage of inexperienced youths. Is there a movement afoot for any measure of civic betterment? Its opponents foregather in the saloon, and if any chicanery can beat the better will of the majority, the fraud will be devised in the saloon.

These are no wild charges from crazed fanaticism, but a statement of conditions that can be demonstrated out of any year's history in any American municipality of importance. To emblazon this responsibility of the saloon so manifestly before the eyes of the public that it cannot escape the notice of any man who thinks at all or be ignored by any person who professes the slightest concern for a pure civic life, is the immediate next task of the saloon's enemies. And it is a task that should be discharged without rant or railing, but simply with calm resort to the inevitable logic of common metropolitan experience in America.—The Interior.

WITH THE WORKERS

Doings of Preachers, Teachers, Thinkers and Givers

W. C. Wiley is in an evangelistic campaign in Waco, Mo.

William Ross Lloyd will hold a meeting in Macedonia, Ky., in July.

The Foreign Society has received another gift of \$10,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

C. E. Wells has been called to remain another year with the church in Griswold, Ia.

Our brethren in Jellico, Tenn., began a meeting last Sunday with W. P. Martin preaching.

F. W. Burnham of the First Church, Springfield, Ill., addressed the graduates of Eureka College last Sunday.

The four Brooks Brothers are in a great meeting in Colorado Springs, Col., where Crayton S. Brooks is pastor.

Following the dedication of the new church in Hoxie, Kas., L. L. Carpenter is helping the brethren in a short meeting.

S. R. Reynolds and his church in Clearfield, Ia., are planning improvements upon their building to cost \$400.

Charles Filson, Bethany, Va., spoke for W. G. Winn last Sunday morning in the pulpit of the First Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

R. J. Bennett will have the assistance of Miss Zona Scott in a meeting next month with home forces in Natrona, Pa.

This week brings the gathering of the church forces of Iowa in the State Convention in the Central Church of Des Moines.

Carl E. Smith resigned as pastor in Arkon, Ia. He will do supply preaching during the summer and enter Drake University next fall.

The five year old son of J. P. Sali, Elyria, Ohio, was killed in a street car accident, May 30th, and his wife was seriously injured.

The Children's Day offering of the First Church in Washington, Pa., was \$350, over one dollar a member. E. A. Cole is the pastor.

The Church in Dallas, Ia., will dedicate a \$1,500 parsonage June 30th. B. D. Clark, Bondurant, Ia., will have charge of the services.

The church in Winamac, Ind., has extended a unanimous call to H. A. Wingard, Alexandria, Ind., who will begin his work immediately.

J. G. Slayter, pastor of the First Church in Allegheny, Pa., will address the graduates of the High School at the Alvin Theater June 21st.

In a meeting at Gilmore City, Ia., recently, led by R. M. Dungan, the church paid its mortgage and raised money for redecoration of the church building.

M. G. Buckner has begun his pastorate in Mansfield, Ohio, succeeding Bruce Brown. B. L. Smith of Cleveland, Ohio, has been supplying the pulpit of the church.

A. R. Miller is the new pastor in West Point, Ga. Our church is in excellent condition and he begins his work with promise of much success in that field.

A neat directory of the membership of the congregation has been published by the Central Church in Syracuse, N. Y., where Joseph A. Serena is pastor.

H. E. Van Horn will be sent to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Seattle by the District Christian Endeavor Convention which convened at Russell, Ia., recently.

The C. W. B. M. auxiliary of the church in Crafton, Pa., gave a stereopticon lecture recently on "Picturesque Mexico." Fourteen new members of the auxiliary were reported.

G. Washington Wise and our brethren of the new church in Alton, Ill., are much encouraged by the success of their meeting being held by J. V. Coombs and Miss Lucille M. Park.

The Second Church, Washington, Pa., of which Hugh S. Darsie, Jr., is the efficient minister, will enjoy a stereopticon lecture on "The Life of Christ" by H. H. Ryland, June 21st.

Jasper Bogue is supplying the pulpit for the church in Meeker, Col. He began June 9th and will remain with the church until fall when he will go to Drake University.

Evangelists W. J. Lockhart and Jesse Van Camp began a meeting last Sunday in Bethany, Mo. T. J. Golightly is the earnest minister who is stirring his people to great tasks.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Foreign Society, June 14, F. C. Buck of Knoxville, Ill., a late graduate of Texas Christian University, Waco, Tex., was appointed a missionary.

Herbert L. Willett and family arrived in New York on Friday of last week, returning from their trip with the Palestine travel study class. In every way the trip was pleasant and successful.

S. E. Clines, Mechanicsburg, Ill., by unanimous action of the church in Blue Mound, Ill., has been called to lead in the work of the church in that field. He began his new pastorate last Sunday.

J. A. Hopkins and the brethren of the Winston-Salem Church, N. C., are in the midst of another great meeting. This time D. A. Brindle is the evangelist directing the workers in the meeting.

J. D. Garrison, Somerset, Pa., will spend his vacation in Ohio, holding a meeting for the church in Macon. A new building erected by the Macon congregation at a cost of \$2,500, will be dedicated by him June 23d.

Monday of this week a corner stone of the new church in Fredonia, Kas., was laid. The service was unique in that it was in charge of the Masonic Lodge. The address was delivered by Chas. A. Finch of Topeka, Kas.

A. L. Ward has begun his pastorate in Wheeling, W. Va., under auspicious circumstances. There is a fine outlook

for the church which is in the midst of 9,000 people among whom there are only two other churches.

This week brings the commencement of Hiram College. President Rowilson preached the baccalaureate sermon last Sunday. Prof. E. O. Lovett of Princeton University will deliver the commencement address on Thursday.

The funeral of Albert C. Stow, a pioneer Disciple of Ohio, was held at Stow Corners, O., June 9th. He was the father-in-law of our brother F. M. Green, who conducted the funeral services, assisted by Wellington Besaw.

With this month John A. Stevens, state evangelist of Louisiana who has given good account of himself in large plans for work in that state, will end his service as state secretary and evangelist and enter the evangelistic field.

In a very stirring sermon on a recent Sunday evening when he spoke on "Clarendon's Needs," C. C. Bearden, Clarendon, Texas, handled vigorously the civic conditions. The sermon was given full publication in the local papers.

The offering from the First Sunday School and church of Allegheny, Pa., for Foreign Missions will reach over \$1,100. A number of churches will go beyond the \$1,000 mark this year in their contributions for the work of the Foreign Society.

G. D. Edwards of Honolulu will teach in the Bible College, Columbia, Mo., next year. He will be succeeded as pastor in Honolulu by A. C. McKeever of the First Church, Fresno, Cal. Brother McKeever has accepted a call for a term of three years.

William Price and his people of the Howette Street Chapel, Peoria, Ill., are happy in the outcome of their Children's Day exercises. Under the superintendence, Brother Rotchford, \$87 was secured in the offering. The school was apportioned \$50.00.

The convention of the Eastern Pennsylvania Missionary Society and the Christian Woman's Board of Missions will be held at Berwick, July 22-25. The church at Berwick extends a cordial invitation to all the Disciples of Pennsylvania to be present.

J. W. Darby has been holding noon-day services in steel works at Beaver Falls, Pa. The company recently gave him a fine Bible as a token of appreciation of his interest in the workmen, and the workmen themselves gave him a complimentary outing.

The suggestion comes from P. C. Macfarlane, Emergency Secretary for San Francisco Reconstruction, that a contest be arranged between the churches in Western Pennsylvania and California in the matter of additions to church and Sunday School in a given period of time.

W. Remfry Hunt of China is in England recuperating. He has been 18 years in Central China. Some time later he will be in America. He has seen and participated in China's redemption. He and his wife are personal colleagues

of Dr. and Mrs. Osgood of Chu Cheo. They are jubilant as to the ultimate triumph of the faith over the whole empire.

R. D. McCance organized a new congregation in Maywood, Neb., last Sunday.

Z. E. Bates of Fairmont, W. Va., has received a call to become the pastor of the First Church in Atchison, Kas.

H. W. Milner, 5901 Stone avenue, Birmingham, Ala., can be secured for one or two meetings in August or September.

The Third Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., enjoyed recently a visit by Herbert Yeuell and his family as they were returning from abroad.

S. T. Willis, pastor of the 169th Street Church, New York City, is suffering from a nervous collapse, and has been compelled to take a short vacation.

J. W. Hilton, minister of the University Church, Bethany, Neb., has been chosen associate professor in the department of sacred literature of Cotner University.

Next Sunday the diamond jubilee of the church in Carthage, Ohio, will be celebrated. Charles M. Fillmore, the pastor, will be assisted in the services by A. McLean and others.

The earnestness of our workers in Elgin, Ill., is seen in their Children's Day offering of over \$22.00. The school is small and their apportionment was but \$6. W. D. Endres is preaching for this new church.

The Sunday School in Colfax, Ill., of which J. P. Arnold is superintendent, observed Children's Day and received an offering of \$65. N. H. Robertson, the pastor, and his people, are building a new church house which will soon be under roof.

Our congregation in Mackinaw, Ill., has determined upon the erection of a new \$15,000 building. J. W. Street has been called for a period of three years. This church has been organized 71 years and rejoices in its outlook for greater success than it has ever enjoyed.

Our evangelists who are preaching in tents have suffered from the stormy weather prevalent throughout the central states. Boen and Conrad saw their tent go down twice in Commerce, Texas, and E. E. Violette found his meeting in Dallas City, Ill., much hindered by the storms.

S. G. Fisher and Miss Peterson were united in marriage last week in Rock Island, Ill. W. B. Clemmer and O. W. Lawrence officiated. Brother Fisher is pastor of the new Woodlawn Avenue Church, Detroit, Mich. The Christian Century sends congratulations and best wishes.

E. E. Moorman is directing the activities of the church in Danville, Ind. Fifteen hundred dollars is being used in improvements upon the building. June 16th the pastor spoke to a crowded house in special services of the K. P. lodge. The church is preparing for a great meeting in the fall.

The good news has come from Valparaiso, Ind., that Bruce Brown was once more able to be in his pulpit June 9th. Although at the time of his operation for appendicitis it was thought that he could not live, he is gaining strength so rapidly that he is confident of having better health than ever before.

The Calvary Christian church, Allegheny, Pa., of which Grant E. Pike is the energetic pastor, has taken the motto, "Clear up the mortgage this year" and its earnestness is seen in a determination to secure the necessary funds without resorting to entertainments or suppers for pay.

Christian University, Canton, Mo., received more than 250 volumes and about \$50 cash when library day was observed recently by the college. W. T. Moore addressed a rally in Canton Thursday evening, June 6th. The ministerial association of the college gave all of his published works to the library.

A notable feature of the services on the closing day of E. Richard Edwards' ministry in Bedford, Ind., was the presentation of resolutions by a labor union of the city, commending the pastor. Evidently our church in Bedford cannot be included in the criticism that the church is out of touch with laboring men.

Our two congregations in Knoxville, Ia., after carrying on separate work for several years, have been united. There were 66 additions June 9th and the church is greatly strengthened as a result of the union service conducted by Evangelist Sunday. W. H. Betts is holding a short meeting for the church.

Thomas E. Ferguson has been treasurer of the First church, Philadelphia, Pa., for twenty years. During this time \$153,000 has been raised and disbursed by the church. Appreciation of the faithful services of Brother Ferguson was shown recently in a complimentary dinner given for him at the Hotel Majestic by the officers of the church.

L. C. Howe, Newcastle, Ind., is preaching a series of special Sunday evening sermons on great religious reformers from Savonarola to the Campbells. The church is prospering and there is excellent growth in the Missionary organizations of the church. The churches in Henry County, Ind., will meet in Newcastle, June 24th, to organize a County Union for aggressive and active service.

The Ohio Valley Ministerial Association was entertained Monday, June 10, by the church in Bellaire, Ohio. The morning session was devoted to the ministerial meeting, and the afternoon and evening were given to the interests of the C. W. B. M. and the C. E. respectively. The Bellaire church furnished free entertainment. W. D. Van Voorhis is giving good account of his ministry with this great church.

For several years the church in Tampico, Ill., has been striving to free itself from a debt upon its building. A rally day with a basket dinner in a grove was held June 15th. In an afternoon service the mortgage was burned by F. M. LaDue, a faithful officer of the church, after an address by H. H. Peters, pastor of the church in Dixon, Ill. During the past year the church has been more than

doubled in its membership under the efficient leadership of the young pastor, Guy L. Zerby. Much credit is due also to Mrs. Williams who had part in the work of the church during the year.

As a token of the high esteem of the First Church in Fayetteville, Ark., for the retiring pastor, N. M. Ragland, he was elected pastor emeritus of the Fayetteville Church, and made a life director in the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Brother Ragland has been warmly welcomed to his new field with the First Church in Springfield, Mo., and the enthusiasm of the people of his new pastorate makes the situation most hopeful.

M. B. Ainsworth has been pastor of the First Church in Danville, Ill., for nine months. Evidence of the success of his work during this time and of the high esteem in which he is held by the church is seen in a unanimous call extended to him June 9th for a term of five years. This church is planning for great achievements in the course of its future work and hopes for such results as can be possible only in the labors of a long pastorate.

W. G. Johnston, Lawrenceburg, Ind., has been in demand for special sermons lately. He preached the memorial sermon before the G. A. R. on "Our Country's Providential Mission," and the baccalaureate before the large graduating class of the Lawrenceburg High School on "Christ the Perfect Ideal." These discourses were pronounced of the ablest ever delivered in the city. June 23 he will preach a special sermon to the Knights of Pythias.

Our Sunday school in Kendallville, Ind., rejoices in the victory in two Sunday school contests, the first with the Sunday school of the First church in South Bend, Ind., and the second with the school of the West Jefferson Street Church, Ft. Wayne, Ind. In the first contest the Kendallville school had an average attendance of 268 with an average collection of \$7.40. In the second

A UNIVERSAL FOOD Following Nature's Footsteps.

"I have a boy two years old, weighing forty pounds and in perfect health who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk.

"This is an ideal food and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage."

One advantage about Grape-Nuts Food is that it is pre-digested in the process of manufacture; that is, the starch contained in the wheat and barley is transformed into grape-sugar by exactly the same method as this process is carried out in the human body, that is, by the use of moisture and long exposure to moderate warmth, which grows the diastase in the grains and makes the remarkable change from starch to grape-sugar.

Therefore, the most delicate stomach can handle Grape-Nuts and the food is quickly absorbed into the blood and tissue, certain parts of it going directly to building and nourishing the brain and nerve centres. "There's a Reason."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

contest its average was 275 in attendance and \$5.74 in collection. J. D. Hull, the pastor in Kendallville, and Douglas Serrill, the superintendent, believe that the school has been greatly strengthened by the contest and built up to a very prosperous condition.

The dedication of the great new church at Houston, Tex., June 9, was a distinct success. More than \$20,000 was raised. This is one of the best buildings in our brotherhood. It is situated in one of the very best locations in that important and growing city. This church supports a missionary on the foreign field as well as one in the home land. The pastor, A. F. Sanderson, is planning for an aggressive campaign for the coming fall and winter.

The Children's Day offering of the Sunday School of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, Md., has been for the last three years, \$38.00, \$175.00 and \$250.00, respectively. Such an increase of offerings in many of our large schools augurs much for the future of our foreign missionary work. Peter Ainslie, the pastor of Christian Temple, was given recently on his 40th birthday, a purse of \$200, and a memorial window will be placed in the new Temple building in memory of his mother.

Under the ministry of Chas. S. Medbury, the popular pastor of the University Place Church, Des Moines, Ia., the present church building is too small for the accommodation of the audiences. The church is seriously considering the erection of a new building to cost ap-

proximately \$150,000 with an auditorium seating over 4,000. The church, located as it is beside Drake University, seems to demand that there be a better equipment for the work for the students of the University.

The Children's Day exercises of our remarkable Sunday School in Canton, Ohio, were held in the city auditorium with 2,911 persons in attendance. The offering was \$240, which makes \$1,000 for missions given by the church and school during the past month. P. H. Welshimer, the Canton pastor, will speak June 25th at the Ohio Sunday School convention in Mansfield, and will deliver an address July 4th at Hoopston, Ill. A series of Sunday evening sermons in Canton Church is receiving a splendid hearing.

Among the Disciples of Chicago

There were two confessions last Sunday night in the services of the Douglas Park Church, of which C. M. Schoonover is the pastor.

The choir of the Evanston church went last Sunday to Batavia, Ill., and furnished the music for a vesper service in the Christian Church. The service was of unusual interest and drew a large audience.

A reception will be given by the Evanston Church on June 27th for W. D. Ward, the retiring pastor, and his wife. Members of other churches are invited to be present.

W. J. Wright of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in Chicago last Sunday to hold an important conference with the pastors and officers of the City Missionary Society in regard to plans and methods of work in this city.

Our congregation in South Chicago has secured a new meeting place in a better part of the city, at 91st street and Commercial avenue. There have been a number of additions recently in the regular services. E. M. Haile is leading in the work of the church.

Members of the Christian Ministers' Association and a small number of others from our city churches enjoyed a lake outing last Monday, going to Michigan City for the day.

There have been three additions recently in the West Pullman Church. W. C. Hull of the First Church and Alderman Bihl of the 33rd ward, spoke before the Men's Club last week. This club has had an average attendance of thirty men at its regular meetings. Guy Hoover is the able minister of the church.

THE SOCIAL UNION BANQUET

The eleventh regular dinner of the Disciples Social Union of Chicago was given in the Jackson Boulevard Church on Tuesday evening, June 11th. About 200 people sat at the tables to partake of the banquet provided by the King's Daughters of the Jackson Boulevard Church. A. W. Fortune, president of the union, introduced the toastmaster of the evening, G. A. Campbell, pastor of the Austin Church. In a happy manner he presented the speaker of the evening, George H. Combs, pastor of the Independence Boulevard Church, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Combs spoke brilliantly for thirty minutes on the "Usable Ideals of Life," proving himself of great ability as an after dinner speaker. His address

abounded with humor and revealed his wide knowledge and depth of thought as a scholar and preacher. Immediately after his address Mr. Combs left for his train. Other speeches during the evening were made by Parker Stockdale, C. C. Morrison, and C. G. Kindred. Although the toastmaster confessed the strongest temptation to speech making, he refrained. The music of the evening consisted of a vocal solo by Mrs. Preston Bartlett Unthank and violin solos by Miss Winifred Townsend. Miss Hyla H. Patch rendered several very pleasing readings.

A nominating committee consisting of W. D. Ward, W. H. Branum and R. L. Handley presented a report which was adopted and the following officers of the union elected for the year: Parker Stockdale, president; C. C. Morrison, vice-president; Roy Marsh, secretary; W. A. Carroll, treasurer.

All of the large number of disciples in attendance, in spite of the rainy night, praised highly the efforts of the ladies of the Jackson Boulevard Church in providing a most excellent dinner. All in all the banquet was a decided success and profitable as offering opportunity for the disciples to laugh together and enjoy something of the social side of the life of our churches.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

The Brotherhood will rejoice to know that Robert H. Stockton, a member of the Hamilton Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis, has just given \$50,000 to the National Benevolent Association for the erection of a suitable building for the Central Christian Orphanage at St. Louis. This building is to be erected upon the splendid plot of ground recently purchased at a cost of \$35,000 on Kings-highway Boulevard and St. Louis Avenue. It is to be a lasting memorial to Brother Stockton's wife, Bettie Mae Stockton, who died a short time ago. The new building when erected will be most complete and up-to-date, provided with all modern improvements, and equipped with everything necessary for a modern orphanage. The whole Brotherhood is to be congratulated upon this magnificent gift. It marks the beginning of a new era of larger things among the Disciples of Christ. Mr. Stockton has been very generous in his contributions toward various enterprises of the church, but he is especially interested in the care of homeless children, and de-

sires to see them trained into useful citizenship. What more beautiful monument could he erect to the memory of his beloved wife? This beautiful home will stand through the years with its open door, with its loving shelter and protection for thousands of helpless, homeless little waifs. Under its sheltering influence they will grow into beautiful manhood and womanhood. Bettie Mae Stockton though dead, yet liveth.

Another friend of the Gospel of the Helping Hand has just sent the Benevolent Association \$5,000 on the annuity plan. He has formed the habit of sending a snug little sum every year. His confidence in the business ability and integrity of the Benevolent Association, and his deep and abiding interest in the Christlike ministry in which it is engaged, lead him to put his spare dollars into this work of love and mercy in the name of Christ.

James H. Mohorter, general secretary of the National Benevolent Association, has just started on an extended tour to the northwest. His engagements are as follows: Marionville, Mo., June 15th;

WENT TO TEA And It Wound Her Bobbin.

Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Salisbury, Md., says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health and that she went over to tea drinking, but finally, she had dyspepsia so bad that she had lost twenty-five pounds and no food seemed to agree with her.

She further says: "At this time I was induced to take up the famous food drink, Postum, and was so much pleased with the results that I have never been without it since. I commenced to improve at once, regained my twenty-five pounds of flesh and went some beyond my usual weight.

"I know Postum to be good, pure, and healthful, and there never was an article, and never will be, I believe, that does so surely take the place of coffee, as Postum Food Coffee. The beauty of it all is that it is satisfying and wonderfully nourishing. I feel as if I could not sing its praises too loud." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Aurora, Mo., 16th, and Sedalia, Mo., state convention, the 17th; Des Moines, Ia., state convention, 18th; Minneapolis, Minn., state convention, 20th; Parker, S. D., state convention, 21st; Turner, Ore., state convention, 25th. After the Turner convention he will spend about three weeks visiting the churches of Washington and Oregon. He will be in the state convention of northern California at Santa Cruz on the 23d of July. He will return via Salt Lake and Denver, and the state convention of Nebraska held at Lincoln the first week in August, and then to Bethany Assembly, Ind., the 9th of August.

BETHANY COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

June 16-20, 1907.

Sunday, June 16.—11 a. m., Baccalaureate Sermon, Bethany Church, C. L. Thurgood, Pittsburg, Pa.; 7:30 p. m., Annual Sermon, W. T. Moore, Columbia, Mo.

Monday, June 17.—10 a. m., Last Chapel Service. Final words of President and members of Faculty. Addresses by visitors. 8 p. m., Annual Contest, American and Neotrophian Literary Societies.

Tuesday, June 18.—9:30 a. m., Field Day Exercises; 3 p. m., Baseball Game, Mt. Union College vs. Bethany; 4:30 p. m., Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees; 7:30 to 10 p. m., President's Reception, Heights.

Wednesday, June 19.—9 a. m., Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees—(Continued); 2:30 p. m., Class Day Exercises on the Campus; 4 p. m., Baseball Game, Mt. Union College vs. Bethany; 8 p. m., Concert by Music Department, under charge of Prof. Moos.

Thursday, June 20.—9:30 a. m., Annual Commencement; 1 p. m., Alumni Banquet, F. D. Power, President of Alumni Association, Toastmaster; 4 p. m., Baseball Game, Bethany vs. Alumni; 8 p. m., Anniversary Adelpian Literary Society.

BETHANY COLLEGE ALUMNI MEETING.

On Thursday, June 20th, immediately after the commencement exercises will be held the Alumni Luncheon in the new Carnegie Library building. Price per plate, 50 cents. All alumni and former students of the college are invited to attend. W. T. Moore, J. W. McGarvey, C. L. Loos and other noble sons of Bethany are expected to be present. F. D. Power of Washington, president of the association, will be toastmaster.

The most extensive gathering of old students is expected this year. This year's class is one of the largest ever graduated from the colleges, being 38 in all departments.

One of the important items of business to come before the association will be to arrange for the Centennial meeting two years hence. With all eyes turning to Bethany and a revival of interest and a return of prosperity to Bethany College, this should not only be her greatest commencement but the greatest gathering on the corridor and campus of her graduates.

W. B. Taylor.

BOSTON, MASS.

On the last Lord's Day in May I closed a 3 years' ministry with the Boston church. In many ways this was a most pleasant experience. The Boston church has many consecrated workers. It is in

a most difficult field, and will doubtless need long and patient work to make a large success of it. But it should receive the sympathy and help of our entire brotherhood. During my ministry 126 were added to the church, 1 young man entered Hiram College to prepare for the ministry, and at least 2 others have decided to go to college next year having the ministry in view. The union meeting with the Dudley Street Baptist church was one of the great accomplishments of our work in Boston. This means more to our cause than space will permit me to state. The Boston church is in need of a consecrated man of God, who can endure the strain of work which this pastorate will place upon him.

A. L. Ward.

WITH THE MISSIONARIES.

E. S. Stevens, missionary of the Foreign Society, Akita, Japan, has been compelled to return to America on account of lung trouble. He is now in Southern California. He may abide for a time in Arizona. It is hoped he will soon fully recover as his absence from Japan is a distinct loss to the work. He has been on the field for fourteen years.

During the first eight months of the current missionary year the receipts of the Foreign Society have amounted to \$133,389, a gain of \$4,946. The number of contributing churches was 3,215, a gain of 276. The churches, as churches, gave \$84,466, a gain of \$9,770. There has been a loss of \$7,179 in bequests, and also a loss of \$4,794 in individual and miscellaneous gifts.

Recent reports from the missionaries of Foreign Society bring good news: 9 conversions in India, 9 in Tokio, 10 at Akita, Japan, 4 in Manila, P. I.

During the first thirteen days of June the Foreign Society received Children's Day offerings from 900 Sunday Schools, a gain of 32 over the corresponding thirteen days of 1906. The amount received from the schools was \$16,059, a gain of \$2,759. The churches, as churches, gave during the same time \$5,570, a gain of \$2,274. It is hoped the Sunday Schools will make a gain of at least \$10,000 this year. This is necessary if we reach the \$300,000. The churches, as churches, up to June 13 have already made a gain of \$12,529.

HOUSTON DEDICATION.

We had a great day yesterday, the new Central Church, a \$75,000 property, was dedicated. We called for \$20,000 in order to provide for the entire debt, and in 25 minutes raised \$21,000. F. M. Rains was with us. The membership is overjoyed and the city rejoicing with us. The location is the best in the city, the building the greatest in the southland among our people.

The building is thoroughly equipped. There are twenty-six rooms, each of which is carpeted with a beautiful Brussels carpet and completely furnished for its special use. Two reed organs, two pianos and the great sweet toned Estey pipe organ and six hundred new song books are the provisions made for helping the people sing praise to our God. Fourteen hundred people can be comfortably seated in good view of the pulpit. The picture of Justin E. Brown, our Living Link Missionary, occupied a prominent place on the pulpit platform and gave inspiration to the services.

We have expected great things from the Lord and have received greater than we expected. What He has given us in material equipment we shall use simply as a means to the end of helping saints and saving sinners.

June 10.

A. F. Sanderson.

RE-DEDICATION.

The house of worship at Minonk, Ill., after being neglected for many years, has recently undergone extensive repairs. The beauty and convenience of the building has been greatly enhanced at an expense of over \$1,200. The re-dedicatory services were conducted Lord's Day, June 9th, and Chas. D. Hougham, minister at Streator, Ill., officiated. Sufficient funds in cash and pledges were raised to cancel all obligations. The Minonk brethren rejoice in present accomplishments and hope with these better equipments to be able to accomplish greater things for the cause of Christ in days to come. Prof. Reichel one of the instructors in Eureka College, efficiently ministers to the congregation.

HOME MISSIONS.

The Church Offerings last year for the first week in June amounted to \$5,097.29; this year \$6,655.48, an increase of \$1,558.19.

Since the first of June there have been 84 churches that contributed a larger offering than they did last year, and 105 churches from which nothing was received last year, made an offering this year.

The individual offerings show an increase of about \$2,000 over this same period last year. There is likewise a small gain in receipts from Sunday Schools and Societies of Christian Endeavor.

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CENTENNIAL BUREAU.

Report to Constituents June 1st, 1907.

Throughout the winter and spring the secretary has been in the field almost continuously, visiting 37 churches, 36 rallies, 13 colleges, the state convention of Florida, western Pennsylvania, south Kentucky and Ohio, and the congress in Cincinnati, making 90 points in 21 states. At each of these places one centennial address was given, and at some of them two or three. There seems to be a growing appreciation of the great crisis that is upon us in the centennial campaign, and this recognition is expressing itself, as we have planned and labored that it should, in the general advancement of the work.

The brethren about Pittsburg have perfected a thorough organization and are preparing earnestly for the entertainment and handling of the centennial con-

vention. They are expecting to expend in this fully as much money as we are using in the promotion of the campaign.

The circulation of centennial literature up to date is indicated below:

Leaflet No. 1—Home Worship and Bible Study. J. H. Garrison	25,000
Leaflet No. 2—Every Christian an Evangelist. Chas. R. Scoville..	50,000
Leaflet No. 3—The Whole Church and as Many More in the Bible School. H. H. Moninger.....	45,000
Leaflet No. 4—Christian Newspapers. W. R. Warren.....	15,000
Leaflet No. 6—College Attendance F. D. Power.....	25,000
Leaflet No. 7—College Endowments. P. Y. Pendleton.....	25,000
Leaflet No. 8—Church Debts. W. F. Turner.....	20,000
Leaflet No. 9—How to Live Long and Die Happy. John E. Pounds	20,000
Leaflet No. 10—The Christian Use of the Tithe System. G. L. Wharton.....	60,000
Leaflet No. 11—In Convention, by Hundreds and by Fifties. S. H. Bartlett.....	20,000
Leaflet No. 13—The Organization and Scope of the Centennial Campaign. W. R. Warren.....	20,000
Leaflet No. 14—Why Choose the Ministry? W. J. Lhamon.....	25,000
Leaflet No. 15—Centennial Tithers. W. R. Warren.....	20,000
Total.....	370,000

In addition we have sent out 15,000 copies of the committee's report for last year, 30,000 education day envelopes, 11,000 copies of centennial aims, 22,000 tithers' enlistment cards and 69,000 circular letters. In the six months especially covered by this report our letters have dealt with education day, the March offering, the Easter offering and the May offering. One going out now carries an appeal for San Francisco reconstruction and our leaflet on the centennial and benevolence.

Constant and successful effort is being made to enlist all our people, not only in the effort to accomplish the centennial aims, but also in the agitation of the movement. An encouraging sign of the general interest in the work is found in the large number of centennial addresses being delivered at district and county conventions, and all sorts of local meetings. It is hoped that during the remainder of the campaign no gathering of any sort among our people will be considered complete without the setting forth of the centennial purposes to which the occasion is most closely related.

During January the secretary and in February George W. Knepper accompanied President A. McLean in missionary rallies and presented the centennial plea. April was spent in the same way with Secretaries W. J. Wright and George B. Ranshaw of the American Christian Missionary Society. Between these tours an independent one was made through the southeastern states, especial advocacy being given the Easter offering for the orphanages at home and abroad of the National Benevolent Association and the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. In connection with these trips and immediately afterwards many of the colleges were visited. Under centennial auspices Professor W. D. McClintock of the University of Chicago spoke at Butler College and Professor E. O. Lovett of Princeton University at Drake, Cot-

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Another:—

"This country is His chosen instrument of blessing to mankind; and God's plans never fail."

Still another:—

"Ours is the elect nation for the age to come. We are the chosen people. We cannot afford to wait. The plans of God will not wait."

And yet another:—

"Our plea is not America for America's sake, but America for the world's sake."

Our plea is adapted to America as is no other.

Therefore:—

HOME MISSIONS

ner, Kentucky, Bethany and Hiram. Their messages will prove of permanent value to these institutions and their students.

We can now begin to use the successes already achieved in stirring up greater enthusiasm and more earnest effort. Over a million dollars has been added to the endowment of our colleges since the inauguration of the campaign; the Christian Woman's Board of Missions has pledged more than fifty per cent beyond the centennial fund of \$100,000 which it set out to raise; the March offering for foreign missions is twenty-five per cent beyond the best previous record; the May offering for home missions is advancing beyond that of all former years; there is a general increase in the receipts of the state societies, and we can go down to Norfolk in the fall confident that the total missionary offerings will reach the million dollars in 1907, though this was the goal originally set for 1909.

The three fundamental things to which we are devoting most energy are: Thorough-going and universal evangelism, to include recruiting the ministry; the enrollment of the whole church and as many more in the Bible school, and the tithing of all incomes. Centennial tithers are being enlisted with gratifying success. It is more than a coincidence that the general bible school revival which is now in progress should be running parallel with our centennial campaign. We must profit by it. Things impossible before are being accomplished now. At least one church has already reached the centennial aim for bible schools. Through the home department, the cradle roll and organized adult classes, thousands of others can reach it. And they will! The Christian who is not endeavoring to make some one else so is living below his privileges.

The summer and fall will be spent in the state convention and visiting churches between conventions. Where the convention dates conflict the secretary's place is ably filled by Wallace Sharp, John G. Slayter or O. H. Phillips, or by another of similar fitness. It has been especially pleasing to find out that representative congregations assemble in our churches on week evenings, as well as on the Lord's day, to hear about the centennial campaign. Both the printed page and the living voice are being used in the utmost endeavor to bring all our people to realize the vast possibilities held by these closing days of our century of endeavor for the restoration of Apostolic Christianity. We must strike hard and fast, for the chance will never come again.

Respectfully submitted by the centennial committee.

T. W. Phillips, Chairman.
W. R. Warren, Secretary.

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FROM THE FIELD

TEXAS

Sweetwater—Percy G. Cross began his new pastorate with this church this month, and in the first service there were three additions to the membership of the church.

Vernon—S. H. Holmes, in beginning his new pastorate here, was encouraged by seven additions at the first service, all men and heads of families.

FLORIDA

Tampa—W. H. Coleman, the pastor, has had three additions to the church since the last report.

CALIFORNIA

Chico—S. M. Martin is helping G. L. Lobbell and his people in a meeting, in which at the last report there had been 42 additions.

ILLINOIS

Galesburg—Nelson G. Brown, the pastor, is still unable to supply his pulpit, and has the help of fellow ministers in conducting the services. There have been nine additions recently.

Casey—H. H. Wagner has his work in the best shape for years. There have been six additions in recent services.

Morganaville—L. B. Pickerell baptised three persons recently on the occasion of his second visit to the church. He will preach also at the Berea Church. At both points the outlook is hopeful.

KANSAS

Stockton—W. W. Blanchard has received three confessions in recent services of the church.

Winfield—There have been thirteen additions to this congregation in recent services conducted by Albert Nichols, the pastor.

NEBRASKA

Plattsmouth—A. L. Zink received three confessions the first Sunday of this month. He closes his work with this church July 1st.

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Dr. Albert Buxton the pastor, had one baptism in regular services June 9th.

NEW YORK

Brooklyn—F. W. George reports two additions to the membership of the Third Church in the regular services recently.

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY LETTER.

The forty-ninth session passed from "the hill" last Thursday. With the exception of Lord's day evening and Thursday morning, the weather was beautiful, and the number of outside visitors was probably an increase over recent years. The program was carried as advertised, without change, and the following notes may be of some interest to those who could not attend.

Both the baccalaureate sermon by F. W. Rogers, Springfield, Ill., and the class address by Dr. Jno. L. Brandt, St. Louis, Mo., were excellent, and will long be remembered by those who heard them. The Sears' debate medal contest on Monday evening provoked a discussion that in the opinion of good judges was at

least the equal of any intercollegiate debate ever held here. Guy Ferguson, Mokane, Mo., was the winner. In the oratorical and declamatory contests Tuesday evening Cecil V. Pearce, Garden City, Kans., and J. W. Love, Camden Point, Mo., were the respective winners. On commencement morning degrees in course were given nine, while honorary degrees were bestowed as follows: C. H. Winders, Columbia, Mo., A. M.; G. W. Buckner, Canton, Mo., A. M.; W. R. Laughlin, Los Angeles, Calif., M. S.

The alumni banquet Wednesday evening was one of the most pleasant events of the week. One hundred and sixteen were in attendance, representing nearly all the classes since '72. Responses to toasts were given by Hon. J. W. Alexander, '72, Gallatin, Mo.; Hon. Jas. T. Lloyd, '76, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ida Wood-Fanning, '86, Keokuk, Iowa, and Arthur N. Lindsey, '98, Clinton, Mo. Officers of the Alumni Association for the ensuing years are: J. R. Schultz, '05, president; Miss Lura Lewis, '98, vice-president; Miss Virginia Graves, '98, secretary, and Miss Nellie Ellison, '92, treasurer. These are all residents of Canton. Preparations are already being made for a great "home gathering" next June, when Christian University will complete her fiftieth session. Let every ex-student and alumnus begin planning now to be here.

During the vacation President Johann will travel in the interests of the school; Prof. Black, Latin, will attend the summer quarter of the University of Chicago; five of the faculty will instruct in the summer school which begins June 18 and continues for six weeks; Prof. Buckner, homeletics, will minister for the church here and do some evangelistic work, and the rest of the teachers will "recuperate" at other kinds of work. The resignation of Dr. Buxton, philosophy, and Professor Sears, Hebrew and history, is a heavy loss. Dr. B. goes to the pastorate of a church in Salt Lake City, and Prof. S. to a chair in the new school at Enid, Okla. Their successors have not yet been chosen.

The year's work has been a good one, and the outlook for 1907-08 is very encouraging. With the debt entirely removed, the standard of the collegiate courses raised to a par with all creditable institutions, and much better dor-

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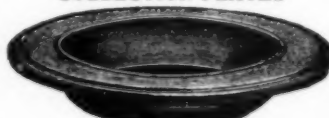
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mitory and boarding facilities, Christian University should and will rise to something nearer her opportunities, the needs of the tremendous brotherhood in Missouri, and the hopes and expectations of friends and disciples everywhere.
Canton, Mo., June 15. B. H. C.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

One upon a time, as the story goes, a noted and eloquent evangelist invaded a city of some considerable size, for the purpose of holding a series of evangelistic meetings and of organizing a church after the pattern of the New Testament. He was a man of power and his work was eminently successful and unruly spirits were brought together in the combination, called the church. The evangelist was succeeded by a good sized row and by a pastor, who was not at that time characterized by a pacifying disposition. War ensued. Many good men were injured, and some not so good, were likewise injured. These were the days of warfare.

In the early days of this performance a significant incident transpired, which indicated the feeling that many in the community had for the church. One evening a man made the good confession. In a few evenings he was baptized. As he was coming up from the baptismal pool, he said to one of the deacons, "Dave, if you need any more officers in the church, at any time, I would be glad to serve. You remember that I have served extra on the police force in the city for some time." This man had undoubtedly read the signs of the times. His understanding was that this church was indeed a "church militant." Of course this was an exaggerated case, but the lesson is significant.

Fortunately, time has eradicated the discordant elements; and today the church is a church of peace. But many sorrows had to be endured, much energy had to be lost, and much money wasted in overcoming the wrong tendencies of the beginning days. Brethren, it pays to start right. We need a militant Christianity, we need militant churches; but they must be contented to fight wickedness.

H. H. Peters.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

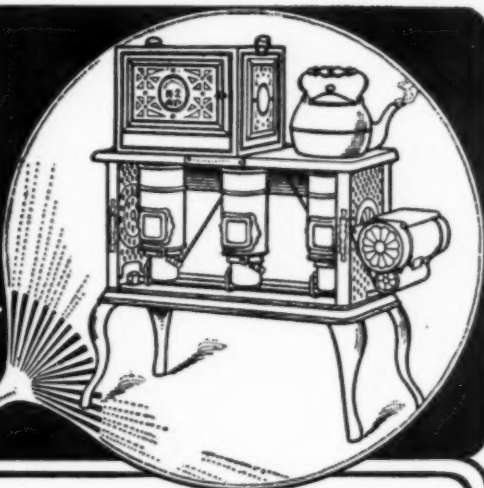
(Continued from page 582.)

nounced as "International." It was in reality practically confined to the leader.

The following days were occupied with conferences, some of them in Italian, and various addresses. Dr. J. Gordon Gray, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Rome, delivered two addresses on "Paul's Footsteps in Rome," which were pronounced excellent by those who had heard him give them in his own church, but at the convention it was difficult to understand him. Dr. Morgan spoke on "The Great Apostle" on Wednesday evening, and Dr. Meyer on "The Oneness of Believers" on Tuesday morning, while Dr. B. B. Tyler delivered the closing address of the convention on Thursday evening, on "Arise, let us go hence." One of the most impressive messages of the convention was that of Bishop Hartzell on "Africa" on Monday evening, and on Thursday afternoon the ambassador received the delegates informally at his home.

The members of the convention made good use of their time while in the city. Their blue badges were in evidence in all the places of interest. Even before

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the sessions closed many left Rome to visit other portions of Italy before returning home. It is difficult to estimate the value of a gathering meeting in these circumstances, and sacrificing so much of opportunity for the sake of a tour to a city of world renown. It may well be hoped that its encouragement to missions may compensate in some measure for its limitations, and that the next world convention may be nearer the Sunday school constituency.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

Grace Wood Castle.

The grasshopper family came in May
A-visiting me and mine;

Lively they and debonaire,
Never seemed to have a care;
I couldn't repulse these 'guests so gay'
You couldn't yourself, I opine.

Midsummer came and found them here
Still staying with me and mine,

And you'll hardly me believe
That with not a "By your leave,"
They gathered their kin from far and near
In the shade of my fig-tree and vine.

They brought their sisters, and cousins,
and aunts,

To breakfast, and lunch, and dine,
On my roses rich and rare;
On my lilies tall and fair;
And they cared not a straw when I
looked askance
At such treatment of me and mine.

Now Autumn is here and so are they,

And the verdict of me and mine
Is, that even welcome guests
Very soon resemble pests,
When they stay and stay and stay and
stay,
And of going give no sign.

Next Spring I've resolved to bolt and
lock

My big front gate so fine,
Then laugh softly in my sleeve
When they come and scold and grieve;
While they knock and knock and knock
and knock,
Those one-time guests of mine.

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"When I consider the heavens," said the Psalmist, "then say I, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" But Jesus, just to reassure us of God's mindfulness, says, "Consider the lilies of the field."

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3. **LET THE UNDECIDED DECIDE**—One way or the other.

A.—If you decide to take the offering, well and good. You belong under No. 1.

B.—If you decide not to take it, then you place yourself under No. 2, and we plead with you to at least make a **"Unity and Fellowship Gift."**

Either action on your part will help to make it **UNANIMOUS.**

We plead for unity. Are we a unit? Can we not be a unit for once, in one sublime act of Christian fellowship.

A church without a home cries out, make it unanimous.

One hundred and twenty families without a home cry out, **Make it Unanimous.**

One thousand of your brethren who suffered in the great fire, cry out, **Make it Unanimous.**

Three weakened churches struggling to build, cry out, **Make It Unanimous.**

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Our experience in City Missions in Chicago to-day, says, **Make It Unanimous.**

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Every heart throb of Christian love echoes, **Make It Unanimous.**

Every spirit-filled minister and disciple today is praying, **Make It Unanimous.**

Would it not bring the flush of pride and joy to your cheek, my brother if we were to Make It Unanimous?

Would it not please Jesus if we were to Make It Unanimous?

Would he not again behold Satan falling as lightning from heaven, if we were to Make It Unanimous?

If you will help, we can Make It Unanimous.

MR. P. C. MACFARLANE

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Dear Brother—

In order to **MAKE IT UNANIMOUS**

I will see that an offering of at least \$1.00 and as much more as possible, shall be sent from the church at..... by its officers or some individual, and I will do my best to see that a general offering is made.

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